liberty

DECEMBER 1948

10 cents

WHAT AMERICAN REDS WILL DO IF WAR COMES

The Idea that became a Christmas tradition:

We don't mean hanging up mistletoe ...*(although that can be a very rewarding idea).*

We don't mean a holly wreath ... *(although it wouldn't be Christmas without one).*

We don't even mean sending Christmas cards ...*(although that's a good wa to let friends know you wish them well)*

We do mean this:

If you're wondering what's the best way to say "Merry Christmas!" to *special* friends on your gift list ...

... say it with a bottle or so of Four Roses!

So *many* people give Four Roses for Christmas nowadays that it's become sort of a holiday custom—and well it might be.

This matchless whiskey—so softly mellow and distinctive in flavor—is a gift that not only reflects your thoughtfulness but is also a compliment to the good taste of the man who gets it.

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S FAVORITE GIFT WHISKEY
In a beautiful holiday gift carton

AS A DEMONSTRATION OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BELONGING TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Free... if you join now, and buy as few as four selections a year

100 PRINTS IN *Full Color* OF THE WORLD'S GREAT PAINTINGS

Including 25 of the famous masterpieces rescued from Germany NOW BEING EXHIBITED IN AMERICAN MUSEUMS

including portfolio!

Like Having an Art Museum in Your Home

—and with the informative descriptions about the painter and his work that come with each reproduction, it is like being conducted through that Museum, whenever you feel the urge, by someone who can point out the beauties and the significance of the great paintings of the world. The most treasured examples of Art are included.

IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY, THEY WOULD COST AS MUCH AS $25.00

ALL SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to have *The Portfolio of 100 Full Color Masterpieces* under the Club's book-dividend system, write for information as to how to obtain it.

HOW THIS OFFER CAN BE MADE: For many years, the Book-of-the-Month Club NEWS has included in every issue a reproduction *in full color* of a world-famous painting. Hundreds of high schools and colleges have come to use these beautiful reproductions in their art classes, and many thousands of people over the country, we find, have been collecting them. Over the years the highly expensive full-color plates, necessary for such fine reproduction, have accumulated one by one and—with the recent addition of many of the famous German-owned masterpieces now being exhibited—*by printing them all together in one large edition*, this extraordinary gift to new members has been made possible.

You buy many Club selections ANYWAY—why not get those you want from the Club, often PAY LESS, and share in the Club's book-dividends which totalled over $30,000,000 in the past two years

AS a member *you pay only for the particular books you decide to take.* You may take as few as four selections in any twelve-month period.

You receive a careful pre-publication report about each selection. If you decide you want it, you need do nothing; it will come to you on a regular shipping date. If you don't want it, you may either specify any other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing next month."

The amount you pay for the Book-of-the-Month is the regular retail price set by the publisher in each case, frequently less. Notice, in the coupon, that the members' price is substantially lower in four out of six cases. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) *Yet with every second Book-of-the-Month you take, you receive—free—one of the Club's book-dividends.* These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes two-or-three volume sets.

Since the books you take from the Club *are only those you would buy anyway,* the saving is extraordinary. We suggest you try it for a short time, and see how it works. You may begin your subscription by ordering any book listed in the coupon at right.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A8412
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE PORTFOLIO OF 100 FULL COLOR MASTERPIECES with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after buying four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ CRUSADE IN EUROPE by General Eisenhower (The December Selection) *Price (to members only) $3.75*

☐ CATALINA by W. Somerset Maugham *($3.00)*

☐ TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER by Betty Smith, Author of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" *($3.00)*

☐ THE GATHERING STORM by Winston Churchill *Price (to members only) $4.00*

☐ THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE by Esther Forbes *Price (to members only) $3.25*

☐ INSIDE U. S. A. by John Gunther *Price (to members only) $5.50*

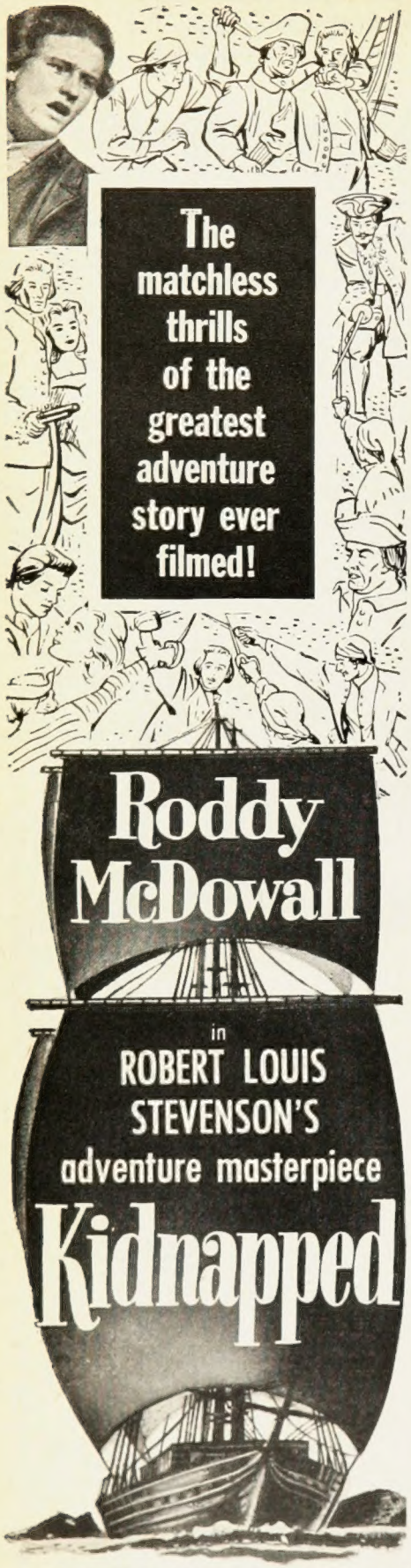
Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade Mark of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.


The matchless thrills of the greatest adventure story ever filmed!
Roddy McDowall
in
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S
adventure masterpiece
Kidnapped
with SUE ENGLAND · DAN O'HERLIHY
ROLAND WINTERS · JEFF COREY
A Lindsley Parsons Production · Directed by
William Beaudine · Screenplay by
W. Scott Darling · From the novel by Robert Louis
Stevenson · A MONOGRAM Picture

Liberty
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

DECEMBER CONTENTS

Franklin S. Forsberg, *Publisher*; David Brown, *Editor*; Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor*; Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director*; Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*; Elizabeth Wilson, *Pacific Coast Editor*; John B. Danby, *Associate Editor*; Elsie Christie, *Books*; Beulah Karney, *Food*; Otto Kurth, *Art Associate*; Lawrence Lariar, *Cartoons*; Gertrude Wilkinson, *Home Editor*; Nanette Kutner, *Contributing Editor*

Articles

What American Reds Will Do If War Comes. *Robert E. Stripling* as told to *Stacy V. Jones* 16
Can We Foretell the Future? *John D. Murphy* 20
What You Should Know About Straightening Teeth *Nanette Kutner* 22
Great Day.....*Elizabeth Wilson* 36

Stories

The Envelope....*F. A. Nauheim* 13
Bearing Gifts *Virginia Greene Millikin* 24
Frame-Up—Part III *Samuel W. Taylor* 28

Home

57 Gifts, 37; Christmas Foods, 40; Decorating, 46

Book Condensation

The Magic of Believing *Claude M. Bristol* 18

Pastime

Fishing Through the Ice *Byron W. Dalrymple* 31

Features

Vox Pop 6
Shananagram 7
Crossword Puzzle 8
Washington.....*Stacy V. Jones* 10
Liberty Goes to the Movies *Elizabeth Wilson* 26
Shopping 48

Cover

Special Delivery
Photo by Randolph—Rapho-Guillumette

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

■ It was a sunny, peaceful afternoon. We were walking to the House Office Building with Robert E. Stripling, chief investigator of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It seemed incongruous, on such an afternoon, to talk about what American Communists would do if war came (see page 16).

Stripling is a soft-spoken Texan, not at all like what the detractors of the Thomas committee picture him to be. If anything, he is cautious in his observations about Communism. He seemed concerned about the frequent accusation that the committee had not taken action against the Fascists in America. When we got to his office, he pointed to volumes of testimony the committee had taken to expose Fascist organizations and individuals. Far more, it seemed, had been done to expose the Fascists when they were the chief menace, than the public now realizes.

Stripling approaches his job like a well-trained newspaper reporter. He carefully checks facts and proceeds when there is reasonable evidence to support an accusation. Laughingly he showed us a letter that had just reached his desk—from a window cleaner who swore he saw subversive literature on a Park Avenue drawing-room table.

Despite his busy routine, we managed to get his all-important views on what he believes our home-grown Reds will do if hostilities begin. It was, as we have said, a sunny, peaceful afternoon and talk of war seemed incongruous. As incongruous as it seemed on another sunny, peaceful afternoon in Washington—December 7, 1941.

■ Next month, look for Steven Casey Williams' unforgettable article about one of America's indomitable war wounded. John J. Cummings tells of telephones for motorists, already a reality in many cities. Ted Shane returns with his annual teaser, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 1948?—measuring your memory of the inconsequential. Elizabeth Wilson lets you have a close look at Hollywood's muscle man—Burt Lancaster. On the fiction side, there's a great new story by Alice Means Reeve entitled THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS. George Dorsey brings plenty of thrills to his fast-moving yarn, THE WAY OF MY BROTHER. Not to mention the galloping wind-up of FRAME-UP, by Samuel W. Taylor, and another great Liberty short short. Hope to see you all with us when the January Liberty hits the stands, about December 17.—*D. B.*

Published by Liberty Magazine, Inc. President, Franklin S. Forsberg; Vice-President, Lester Tunison; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; Advertising Director, J. William Thomas; Circulation Director, A. J. Cutler.
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence. Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.
Liberty, December, 1948. Vol. 25, No. 12. Published monthly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second-class matter, September 5, 1947, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $1.00 a year in the United States and possessions, $1.25 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $1.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least sixty (60) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1948, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

Take Your Pick of 425 Little Blue Books at Bargain Price of 10¢ Each

280,000,000 SOLD IN 30 YEARS

Order by number. Order at least 10 books—as many more as you like. When bought in lots of 10 or more the price is 10c per Book, carriage charges prepaid to anywhere in the world. If you select 10 books, remit $1; 20, $2; 30, $3; 50, $5; 100, $10; and so on. Customers in foreign countries: remit with order by international postal money order or draft on any U. S. bank.

280,000,000 sold in 30 years. 10c price holds only if remittance accompanies order. C.O.D. orders handled at 10c per book plus carriage charges. You save by sending money with order. If you order every book in this ad—425 books—remit only $38.00 and we will prepay all carriage charges.

Self-Help Books

25 Rhyming Dictionary
75 On the Choice of Books
78 Hints on Public Speaking
82 Common Faults in Writing English
86 On Reading. Brandes
93 How to Live 100 Years
112 Secret of Self-Development
192 A Book of Synonyms
326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
367 How To Improve Your Conversation
514 Hints on Writing Poetry
556 Hints on Etiquette
629 Hand-book of Legal Forms
639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
681 Spelling Self Taught
682 Grammar Self Taught
683 Punctuation Self Taught
703 Physiology Self Taught
725 Zoology Self Taught
734 Useful Phrases
748 Plane Geometry Self Taught
751 How to Merchandise
801 A Rapid Calculator
815 Familiar Quotations
821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
822 Rhetoric Self Taught
823 English Composition Self Taught
835 Useful Tables
847 Card Games
855 How to Write Letters
856 Arithmetic Self Taught Part I
857 Arithmetic Self Taught Part II
862 German Self Taught
868 Hints on Self-Improvement
872 Manual of Parliamentary Law
891 Your Talent and How to Develop It
894 How to Advertise
895 Astronomy for Beginners
994 Physics Self Taught
1004 How to Save Money
1031 How to Own Your Home
1174 How to Write Business Letters
1206 How to Swim
1319 How to Study
1324 How to Solve Mechanical Problems
1351 How to Get Ahead
1357 What You Should Know About Law
1427 Law for Workingman
1503 Effective English in Speech and Writing
1504 How to Overcome Self-Consciousness
1555 Rules for Success in Business
1726 How to Think Creatively

Biography

33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
123 Life of Madame du Barry
141 Life of Napoleon
142 Life of Bismarck
253 Heart Affairs of Henry VIII
324 Life of Lincoln
343 Diary of Columbus in 1492
395 Autobiography of Cellini
412 Life of Mohamet
490 Life of Michelangelo
506 Life of Voltaire
522 Life of Thomas Paine
523 Life of Franklin
525 Life of Goethe
526 Life of Caesar
528 Life of Shakespeare
537 Life of Barnum
565 Magellan and the Pacific
604 Life of Roosevelt
718 Great Women of Antiquity
769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
1482 Career of Gen. U. S. Grant
1723 Career of Al Capone
1846 Belle Starr: The Bandit Queen
1850 Carry Nation of Kansas, Who Fought Liquor Traffic With a Hatchet

Entertainment

501 How to Tie All Kinds of Knots
606 How to Play Chess
626 Old Favorite Negro Songs
658 Toasts for All Occasions
704 Facts to Know About Palmistry
767 Facts to Know About Astrology
845 Facts to Know About Fortune-Telling
893 Five Hundred Riddles
995 How to Play the Piano
1006 Children's Games
1010 Book of Amateur Magic Tricks
1049 How to Teach Yourself to Sing
1103 Book of Puzzles and Brainteasers
1139 Photography Self Taught
1175 Amusing Riddles
1183 How to Play Checkers
1210 Mathematical Oddities
1239 Party Games for Grown Ups
1253 Information Quizzes
1254 Contract Bridge Made Easy
1277 Hindu Magic Self Taught
1278 Ventriloquism Self Taught
1285 Gamblers' Crooked Tricks Exposed
1535 How to Throw a Party
1688 100 Cocktails
1747 Games of Solitaire

Famous Books

1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
313 Decay of Lying. Oscar Wilde
337 Pippa Passes. Robert Browning
406 Essay on Man. Alexander Pope
785 Ballads of Sir Walter Scott
933 Skeleton in the Closet
1196 Girl with Three Husbands
1532 Don Quixote. Cervantes

Fiction

12 Mystery Tales. Pope
21 Carmen
23 Great Sea Stories
40 House and Brain
58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
107 The Dream Woman
145 Great Ghost Stories
215 Miraculous Revenge. Bernard Shaw
223 Wanton Wife of a King. Jack London
227 Man Without a Country
290 The Gold Bug
352 Short Stories. William Morris
375 Love Story of an Old Maid
561 African Jungle Tales
630 Second-Story Man. Upton Sinclair
672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
698 Tales of Chicago. Ben Hecht
699 Broken Necks. Ben Hecht
746 A Daughter of Eve
1166 Infatuation
1169 Tales of Ships and Seas
1457 Sketches of Naughty Ladies. Goethe
1458 The Princess and the Tiger. Goethe
1605 The Girl in the Snappy Roadster
1610 One Lover Among Many
1624 The Woman Who Inspired Fatal Passion. Anatole France
1669 The Jolly Beggars. Robt. Burns

Fine Arts

387 History of Painting
403 History of Music
466 History of Sculpture
468 History of Architecture

French Literature (in English)

3 Fourteen Little Essays. Voltaire
6 Love. Maupassant
27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
28 Toleration. Voltaire
52 Oration on Voltaire. Hugo
66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas
85 Attack on the Mill. Zola
87 Love: An Essay. Montaigne
103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire
104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
199 The Tallow Ball. Maupassant
200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire
221 On Women. Maeterlinck
292 Mademoiselle Fifi. Maupassant
314 Short Stories. Daudet
344 Don Juan. Balzac
674 The Falcon, etc. Boccaccio
886 The Piece of String. Maupassant
887 The Necklace. De Maupassant
888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael

Health

81 Care of the Baby
137 Home Nursing: First Aid
167 Everyday Rules of Health
1242 Care of Skin and Hair
1321 Fasting for Health
1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
1435 Constipation: Its Correction

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS
Editor of the *Little Blue Books*

1443 Daily Exercises for Busy People
1478 Poor Posture Corrected by Exercise
1479 Correction of Underweight and Overweight
1534 How to Test Urine at Home
1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
1563 Marvels of Sunlight

History

50 Paine's Common Sense
83 Evolution of Marriage
126 History of Rome
149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
150 Lost Civilizations
214 Speeches of Lincoln
276 Speeches of Washington
558 Great Pirates. C. J. Finger
596 A History of Modern Mexico
597 History of American Revolution
627 History of the Jews
1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
1241 Outline of U. S. History
1757 Facts About Alaska

Humor

20 Let's Laugh. Nasby
168 Witty Epigrams. Oscar Wilde
231 Humorous Sketches
291 The Jumping Frog. Twain
347 Riddle Rimes
348 Best Wit of the Scotch
382 Humor of Lincoln
670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon
771 Humor of "Bill" Nye
971 Humorous Anecdotes
1115 Ridiculous Stories
1146 College Humor
1191 Broadway Wisecracks
1199 Laughable Lyrics
1200 Nonsense Stories
1261 Prize Winning Tongue Twisters

Jokes

820 Best Jokes About Married Life
972 Popular Joke Book
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
1014 Best American Jokes
1184 Book of Best Scotch Jokes
1228 Best Jokes About Drunks
1231 Book of Best Jokes
1249 Best Jokes About Lovers
1475 More Best Jokes
1824 How to Die Laughing: In 62 Easy Lessons. Gag cartoons
1825 Stop, Look and Laugh. 62 Gag cartoons
1827 For Laughing Purposes Only. 62 Gag cartoons
1843 A Sampling of Vaudeville and Radio Gags
1848 Wild Stories From the Ozarks
1877 Grins and Giggles. 62 Cartoon Gags

Juvenile

44 Aesop's Fables
57 Rip Van Winkle
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
158 Alice in Wonderland
188 Adventures of Munchausen
391 Dog of Flangers. Ouida
516 Real Adventures
554 Child's Garden of Verse
559 Robinson Crusoe
716 Mother Goose
819 Strange Murders
836 Bluebeard. Cinderella

Literature

79 Enoch Arden
95 Confessions of an Opium Eater
148 Strength of the Strong. Jack London
152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London
177 Subjection of Women
229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere
285 Unconventional Amour
289 Pepys' Diary
513 Travels of Marco Polo
661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse
829 Voltaire. Clarence Darrow
1114 Thrilling Moments from Victor Hugo
1569 Boccaccio—Lover and Chronicler of Love
1673 Runaway Wife

Love and Romance

106 Frenchwoman's Views of Life
196 The Marquise: Secret Passion
283 Courtship of Miles Standish
404 Romances of Paris
410 French Amorous Misadventures
438 Secret Memoirs of French Royal Mistress
540 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion
541 French Love Stories of Many Hues
665 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
713 Byron and the Women He Loved
786 Catherine the Great and Her Lovers
810 Some Polite Scandals of Parisian Life
817 Her Burning Secret
915 Mad, and Other Stories
916 Night in Whitechapel
917 Room No. 11
918 Man with the Blue Eyes
919 The Clown
920 Queer Night in Paris
921 Mme. Tellier's Establishment
922 Wife's Confession
964 How to be Happy Though Married
975 Cleopatra and Her Loves
976 Casanova: World's Greatest Lover
990 Wagner's Great Love Affair
1046 Coquette vs. a Wife
1047 Mysterious Exiles
1067 Splendors of a Courtesan
1113 Love from Many Angles
1195 First Love, and Other Tales
1202 Forbidden Love
1213 Romance That Balzac Lived
1270 Among the Mormons
1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
1428 Curious Love Affairs
1445 Wild Women of Broadway
1587 Amazing Loves of King Carol of Rumania
1620 Merry Tales. France
1622 Five Women and the Grand Passion. France
1656 The Girdle of Aphrodite
1828 Bunk About Marriage
1844 The Erring Husband

Philosophy

11 A Guide to Nietzsche
19 Nietzsche: Who He Was
35 Facing Plain Facts of Life
96 Dialogues of Plato
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
159 Guide to Plato
338 Story of Emerson's Philosophy
414 Art of Happiness. Powys
520 A Guide to Spinoza. Durant
571 Story of Kant's Philosophy
671 Moral Discourses of Epictetus
839 Anatole France: Laughing Cynic
1830 The Mystery of Existence

Religion

4 The Age of Reason. Paine
61 What Is Religion? Tolstoy
184 Primitive Beliefs
593 As a Man Thinketh
600 The Essence of the Bible
636 Greatest Thing in the World
684 Essence of Judaism

Russian Literature (in English)

24 The Kiss. Chekhov
45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
100 Red Laugh. Andreyev
105 Seven Hanged. Andreyev
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorky
1033 Masterpieces of Russian Humor

Science

53 Insects and Men: Instinct and Reason
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
190 Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Behavior
217 The Puzzle of Personality
408 Einstein's Relativity Explained
447 Auto-Suggestion
467 Facts About Evolution
491 Psychology for Beginners
493 Novel Discoveries in Science
524 Death: and Its Problems
555 Structure of the Earth
603 A-B-C of the Electron Theory
679 Chemistry for Beginners
727 Psychology of Affections
761 Food and Diet
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
806 Facts About the Nature of Science
808 Man's Debt to the Sun
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
1299 Origin of Life
1429 Airplanes, How to Fly Them
1442 Facts About Graphology
1514 Inventions of Edison
1595 Facts About Calendar
1722 Fortune Telling from Dreams
1754 How to Read Finger Prints
1829 Artificial Insemination

Social Hygiene

14 What Every Girl Should Know
74 Physiology of Sex Life
91 Manhood: Facts of Life
98 How to Love. Wood
172 Evolution of Sex. Wood
189 Eugenics Made Plain
648 Rejuvenation—Fountain of Youth. Fielding
203 Love Rights of Women
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
653 What Boys Should Know
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
689 Woman's Sexual Life
690 Man's Sexual Life
691 The Child's Sexual Life
717 Modern Sexual Morality
726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases
782 Psycho-Analysis and the Mind and Body
784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis
800 Sex in Psychoanalysis
846 Womanhood: Facts of Life
864 Confidential Chats With Husbands

Miscellaneous

814 How to Raise and Train Cats and Dogs
986 How to Talk and Debate
987 The Art of Kissing
988 The Art of Courtship
997 Simple Home Cooking Recipes
1003 How to Think Logically
1009 Typewriting Self Taught
1018 Humorous Limericks
1023 Popular Recitations
1040 Bedtime Stories
1043 Study of Woman. Balzac
1069 Conquest of Fear
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
1078 Morals in Greece and Rome
1092 Simple Beauty Hints
1093 Amusing Puns
1097 Memory: How to Develop
1109 Spanish Self Taught
1170 Funny Ghost Stories
1176 A Mad Love
1207 French Self Taught
1209 Charming Hostess (Entertainment Guide)
1221 Facts About Will Power
1292 Best Short Stories
1320 How to Get a Husband
1340 How to Get a Job
1341 Unusual Menus
1342 Typical Love-Problems
1354 Book of Striking Similes
1413 My Prison Days
1418 Broadway Gangsters and Their Rackets
1419 Curious Deaths
1430 Shorthand Self Taught
1434 How to Think Clearly
1436 Strange Marriage Customs
1476 What to Know About Your Sensations
1508 Facts About Poisons
1524 Famous Eccentric Americans
1548 Chinese Cook Book
1562 How to Live Long
1633 Exploits of a Fiddler
1677 How Army and Navy Fight Venereal Diseases
1710 The Magic of Numbers
1712 Great Dates in History
1714 Determinism vs. Free Will
1717 Religion and Progress
1719 Inge's Apology for Christianity
1721 Gambler's Luck
1727 Fifty Famous Sauces
1738 How to Win Prize Contests
1739 Hints on Developing Personality
1740 True Prison Escapes
1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed
1753 Why Many Women Are Unattractive
1756 Simplified Cook-Book
1761 America's Little Hitlers
1826 How to Cash In On Your Veteran's Benefits. The G.I. Bill of Rights
1831 Sex-Life in Soviet Russia
1847 The Meaning of All Common Given Names

HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.

Dept. A-2716 :-: :-: **Girard, Kansas, U. S. A.**

If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication

THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

When *Marfak* goes "on the job," you can forget about chassis lubrication for 1,000 miles and *more*. *Marfak* is tough and *longer-lasting*, specially compounded to fight friction and wear. The evidence is the "cushiony" driving ease you experience — right from one *Marfak* job to the next. Ask for *Marfak* Lubrication today at your neighborhood Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada

Tune in . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night starring Milton Berle. See newspaper for time and station.

Liberty VOX POP

The Voice of the People

New-Look Christmas

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I've enjoyed reading your lively and practical Home Department, and wondered whether I might suggest a practical Christmas present for the home.

Home fires always spiral highest in December, January, and February. Heaters are worked harder, more people are home, there's more chance for carelessness. Around the holidays there are Christmas trees, decorations, electric toys, and all sorts of combustible material around.

Making the house fire-safe would be a present to every member of the house: putting guards on gas and radiant electric heaters to protect children playing about, and women in their new long skirts; installing an electric light in the closets so that

people won't rummage with lit matches or open-flame candles; putting in a heavy wooden door at the head of the stairs, so that in case of fire, flames won't whoosh clear up through the house; buying either flame-resistant curtains or flame-proofing ordinary ones with a solution recommended by the National Bureau of Standards; getting a garden hose—also just in case.—*Ronnie Halkenhauser.*

Peace in Earth

PLAINFIELD, WISC.—I am only a farm wife but I have always thought no nation or people can prosper or survive if the soil is neglected.

Why not put the people in Europe on small acreages? Any person with a little ground of his own has a feeling of security and also confidence in himself and the future.—*D. Hollingsworth.*

Einstein Understood

ROSEVILLE, CALIF.—I read with pleasure the questions put to Professor Einstein (October) by Mr. Kornitzer. We high-school students are of the belief that this Einstein statement will do a great deal in creating a better understanding between the countries, particularly his answer concerning preserving world peace. —*Lillian Velasquez.*

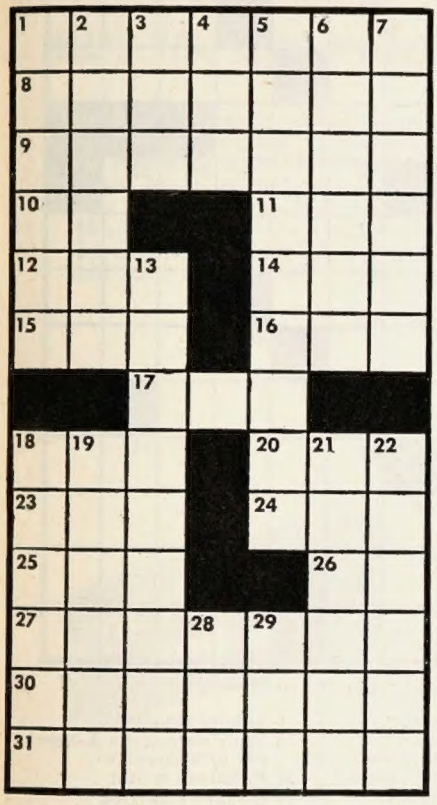
SPOKANE, WASH.—Congratulations on the Einstein piece. I was particularly happy that the author didn't ask Einstein to explain in a few words the theory of relativity.—*Edith Sandell.*

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

By Ted Shane



ACROSS

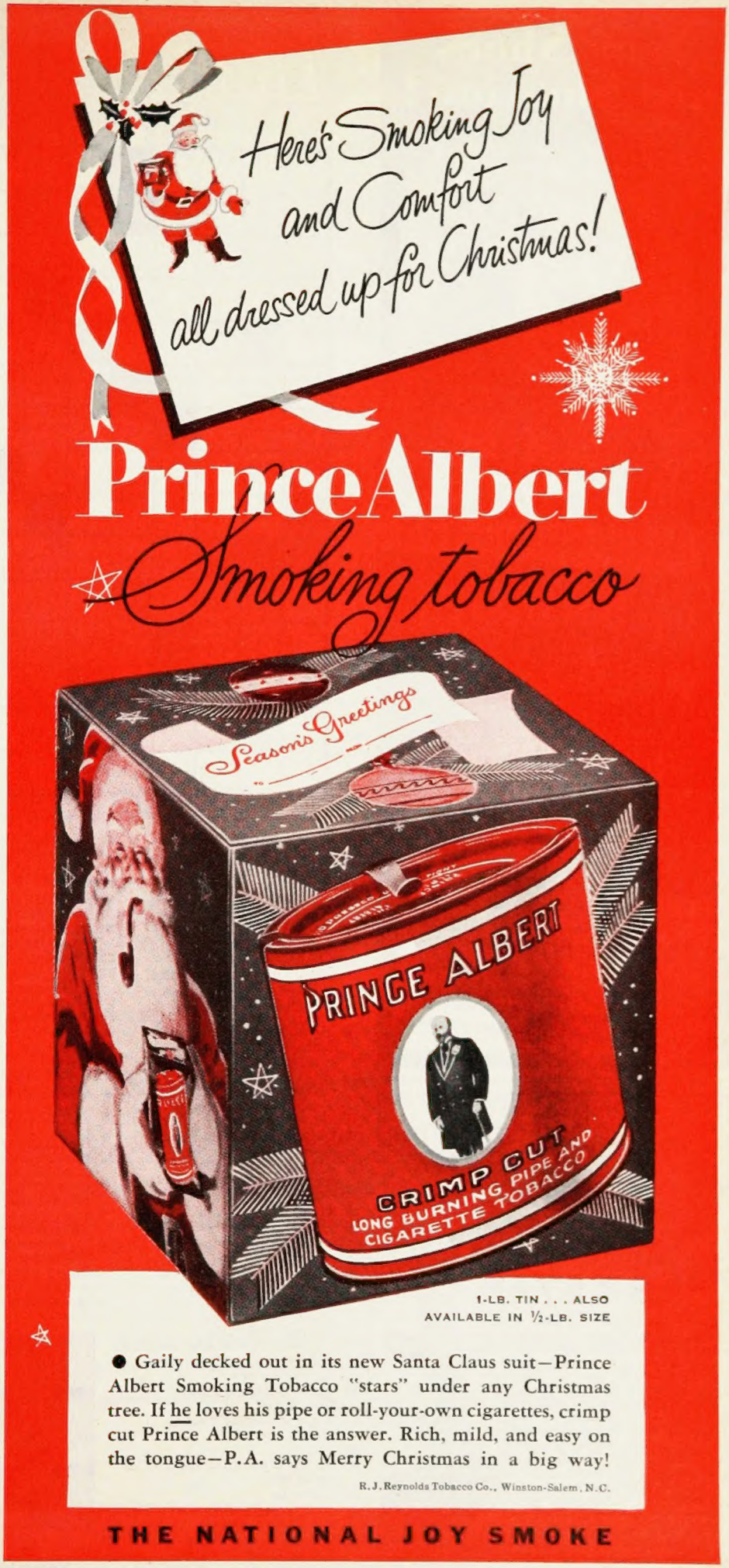
1 **Deb** indelicately obtained **garb**
8 **Moe errs**, then has qualms
9 Hams **crave to** chew scenery
10 Der Tag of Tags (abbr.)
11 Popular writer of underworld yarns
12 Edition of the Times
14 Bobble one in the game of morality
15 Ball that hits the top of the tennis net
16 Small-sized shavetails
17 Unshut it, **Poe!**
18 Fordham mascot cannot **mar** football opponents
20 **Hut** ump yelled, Ste-e-e-rike in!
23 He was a beautiful Baba
24 New **sap** obtained in Vitamized Springs
25 Alpine gal—**sic** her!
26 That's my pop! (abbr.)
27 **I,** the **retina,** am motionless
30 **I'd** not **sneer** at bucolic glamorgirls
31 **E's 'n' eses** form a Jewish sect

DOWN

1 Squirm, **Glover,** you worm!
2 **Er—veer,** Paul, on the way to hang one on the British
3 The French called a lost soul a "what damnée"?
4 Russians **rob** Poland of a great general
5 **Cat rebels** against manacles
6 **Of corset** is a sucker for dames
7 Turns aside for **rested**
13 Nuclear hoarders **smite Rosa**
18 You never knew a **nicer** town
19 **Saline** for alignments (whatever that means)
21 ɯoɹ ɟo ʞuıɹ
22 If the Yankee ball-club manager was beset by injuries, would you call him Bucky this?
28 Ruff female
29 **Nit**-wit is not wooden-headed

T	S	A	R	I	N	A
R	E	P	I	N	E	S
I	M	P	O	S	E	S
T	I	L	■	■	D	E
E	T	E	■	I	L	S
R	E	P	A	C	E	S
■	■	I	T	E	■	■
S	T	E	E	L	E	R
A	H	S	■	A	G	E
H	E	■	■	N	O	M
A	R	C	A	D	I	A
R	E	A	L	I	S	T
A	S	P	E	C	T	S

November Answer


Here's Smoking Joy and Comfort all dressed up for Christmas!
Prince Albert
Smoking tobacco
Season's Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
1-LB. TIN . . . ALSO AVAILABLE IN ½-LB. SIZE
● Gaily decked out in its new Santa Claus suit—Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco "stars" under any Christmas tree. If he loves his pipe or roll-your-own cigarettes, crimp cut Prince Albert is the answer. Rich, mild, and easy on the tongue—P.A. says Merry Christmas in a big way!
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Your Shoes are Showing!

Embarrassing, isn't it?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

1 Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes flexible—and new-looking longer.

2 Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming and longer wear—KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada It's 2-in-1

IT'S WONDERFUL!

Saves TIME TEMPER TROUBLE

ARTBECK

BASTER

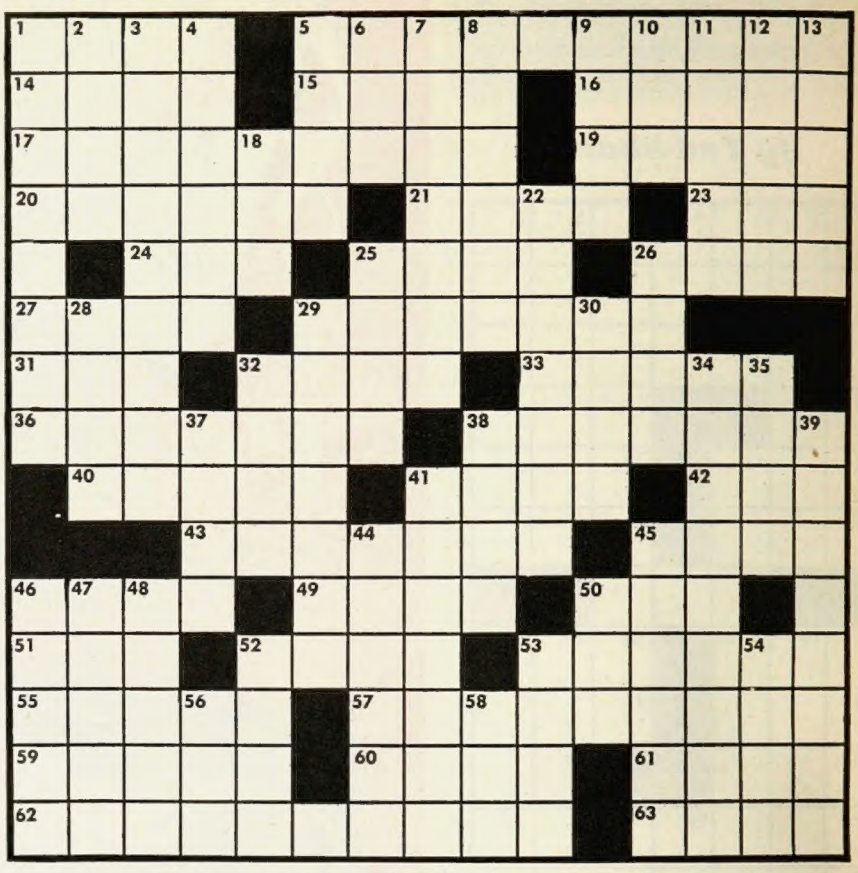
For basting meats and fowl *without burning your hands!* Separate fat from gravy, soups and stews; skim cream from milk; water plants — and many other uses . . . Speeds-up cooking; makes foods better tasting, more nutritious . . . *Praised by thousands of happy users.* All say, "It's indispensable! So easy to use, easier to clean!" Only 79c—Dep't, Hdwe., Chain Stores, or write Arthur Beck Co., Dep't V, Chicago 16, Illinois.

Made of PYREX Brand Glass

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Puzzle 433

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD by Ted Shane



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

HORIZONTAL

1 His murder resulted in the loss of one fourth of the world's population
5 The Alcoholic Anonymous' V-8 (two words)
14 Favorite beverage of the fizzical culturist
15 Of all sad words of tongue or pen, this is the saddest
16 The Bell John Hersey rang
17 A faded program, a pressed rose, an old garter (sleeve)
19 What the back of the palooka was covered with
20 What to do to get up in the world
21 Things to keep on your husband
23 He went from verse to bad, was a Raven writer
24 Verb
25 Martha Bigmouth
26 Poetic 7s to 11s
27 What Buddha just does and does
29 The way things are running around the Malay Peninsula
31 The last two words uttered under the Bachelor Bill of Rights
32 What the whistle does on the milk train
33 Black diamonds (are they hot!)
36 What the bride's ma is till it's cinched
38 V-8ibus
40 He has a peculiar slant on things
41 USCutie
42 "Don't be an old ——!" hissed Mrs. Snake
43 They've been tying down Queen Mary for years
45 Depleted financially
46 This goes buckety-buckety in a sickly way
49 The wife's orders (masc.)
50 The fuzz on peaches
51 Hubblebubble
52 The Apartment House blues, heard in midwinter
53 Needle a sailor
55 Game favored by St. Bingo
57 Silent glamor boy
59 This Greek got rhythm
60 I's
61 Suffix; cf. "—— in your pence!"
62 A battleship's young (pl.)
63 Jet-propelled venison

VERTICAL

1 He's a killer, folks!
2 Would you call an alcoholic old ham this kind of fighter?
3 Noodle stuffers
4 They're a lot of old washouts
5 It can mean a change for the better—or worse
6 You'll find him way back in Arabia
7 Mongolian sourpusses
8 School articles
9 They sure make A-bomb out of humanity
10 Fabulous writer
11 Quebec's harried peninsula
12 Turnip with a secret weapon
13 The Roman Times (sound empty, eh?)
18 Compass point (abbr.)
22 Dumb Dora says they grow near the ocean next to the sandalwoods
25 Gas buggies from way back
26 Gniht emoshtoot
28 Beware a woman with a sudden one
29 The biggest pitcher in the tavern—when he says you're out, you're out!
30 Hope and Crosby hit it in their movies
32 This sounds painful
34 Sexpert boudoirrior
35 In the next minute or so
37 Midget's baby bottle
38 Hillbilly happywater
39 The Navy's Rembrandt
41 Flowery frontispiece (It'll cost you plenty, men!)
44 This imaginary rabbit was pulled out on the New York stage and stayed there for years
45 Goateed off on someone
46 Unblushed
47 Like someone terrifically
48 Teensie-weensies
50 If you shake it, you'll find yourself in the draft
52 Person who opens his mouth and puts his foot in it
53 Gal's nickname
54 Fairy-tale beginning
56 Tease
58 Luxembourg Outrages Russia! (abbr.)

November Answer

F	O	O	D		G	R	I	N	D	S	T	O	N	E
A	B	B	E		R	A	T	I	O		R	I	O	T
D	I	E	M		I	T	E	M	S		A	N	N	O
S	T	R	O	P	P	E	R		S	A	M	S	O	N
			C	O	E	D		S	I	M	P			
S	C	A	R	E	S		S	T	E	T	S	O	N	S
C	A	R	A	T		S	P	A	R	S		M	I	I
O	M	I	T		S	O	A	R	S		S	E	E	R
R	E	S		S	L	U	T	S		P	E	N	C	E
E	L	E	C	T	O	R	S		V	A	L	S	E	S
			H	E	W	S		P	A	T	E			
S	H	R	I	M	P		P	U	S	H	C	A	R	T
P	O	E	M		O	M	A	R	S		T	R	E	E
A	P	I	E		K	O	R	E	A		E	M	I	T
M	I	N	D	R	E	A	D	E	R		E	S	N	E

TO THE READERS OF LIBERTY MAGAZINE

An Offer of Useful

HOSPITALIZATION INSURANCE

for Individual or Family Groups

HELPS YOU MEET HOSPITAL EXPENSES in Case of UNEXPECTED SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

If sudden illness or accident demands Hospital care, you may go to any recognized Hospital in the U. S. or Canada. It makes no difference where you live. Your North American Hospitalization Policy will help pay your expenses exactly as provided. The coverage is practical and well planned. Completely dependable! Costs only a nickel a day for adults . . . half rate for children to age 18. And what a blessing in time of need to fall back on this kind of help . . . instead of exposing your own savings to the whole burden. Individuals or family groups —birth to age 69—are eligible for North American protection upon certification of good health at time of application. The Company behind your policy is strong, reliable—a pioneer in the Hospitalization field. Licensed by the Insurance Department of Delaware. Be wise! Get complete details AT ONCE! Mail coupon for FREE Booklet!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

Hospital Room and Board and General Nursing Care for Sickness or Accident

Per Day for each confinement up to 30 days **$6.00**

(Policy will pay for as many as four separate 30 day confinements within one year or total of 120 days at $6.00 per day.)

Surgical Operations for Specified Conditions due to Sickness or Accident.

$10.00 to $100.00

Reimbursement of Wage Earner while Hospitalized for Time Lost from Work in Case of Accident. (Under age 18 not eligible.)

Per Week (7 days) **$25.00**

(Limited to 4 weeks—maximum $100.00)

Actual Expenses for Accident Receiving Emergency Hospital Treatment within 10 Hours. (No confinement.) Per Visit up to **$10.00**

(Not to Exceed 2 Visits per year.)

Accidental Death (Occurring within 90 days of any Accidental Cause). **$1000.00**

Accidental Death (Resulting within 90 days of Accident while traveling as fare-paying passenger on public conveyance). **$2000.00**

Physical Dismemberment by Accidental Cause for Specified Conditions. **$500.00 to $750.00**

CHILDREN to age 18 are eligible for 50% of benefits since their premium is only half the adult rate.

NOTE: *Policy does not cover pregnancy, childbirth or complications thereof—except by special Rider available when both husband and wife are Policyholders . . . and at additional cost of 50c per month. Rider provides Maternity Benefit of $50.00 for confinement occurring after Rider has been in force 10 consecutive months.*

HERE'S WHAT IT COSTS!

SCHEDULE OF COSTS

	Monthly	Quarterly	Semi-Annually	Annually
Individual	$1.50	$4.50	$8.50	$16.00
Husband and Wife	3.00	8.50	16.00	30.00

*For each child under age 18 add 75c per month.
For Maternity Rider (See "Note" above) add 50c per month.

*At Policyholder's option, children to age 18 can be included at full adult rate and thereby secure full benefits. Otherwise, children to age 18 are entitled to 50% of benefits since their normal premium is only half the adult rate.

MAIL COUPON!

We'll Send You FREE BOOKLET

Mailing this coupon places you under no obligation whatever. No agent will call. It simply affords you an opportunity to read in the privacy of your own home all details of provisions and coverage of the North American Policy. An Application will be enclosed should you decide to insure.

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Dept. L-128, North American Bldg., Wilmington 99, Delaware

Please send me without obligation full details about the North American Hospitalization Plan

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

(Paste on penny postcard or mail in envelope)

NO AGENT WILL CALL

Unusual Christmas Gift for piano owners!

The Solovox adds a new kind of fun to your piano!

Think of the fun of playing trumpet solos, sax solos, violin, clarinet, and cello solos—at the same time you play the piano!

Now you can do it! It's easy with the Solovox added to your piano. The Solovox adds a second keyboard on which you can play dozens of different instrumental solo effects to piano accompaniment.

It doesn't matter whether you're an accomplished piano player, or a very ordinary one. The Solovox makes all your music sound wonderful!

Just plug the Solovox into any electric outlet. It can be added to or removed from any piano in seconds. Cannot mar the finish.

Act before Christmas!

Don't take our word for it. Your dealer will be glad to tell you how you may play the Solovox for 3 full days in your own home absolutely free, without any obligation whatsoever. Take advantage of this offer before Christmas. The Solovox* makes a wonderful gift!

Solovox

Made by the makers of the Hammond Organ

Hammond Instrument Co., 4248 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

☐ Check, if you would like a free trial of the Solovox in your own home, without obligation.

☐ Check, if you wish to receive our illustrated booklet.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

P. O. Zone_____ State_____

☐ Check, if you also wish full details about the Hammond Organ. 12

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1948

Liberty WASHINGTON

by Stacy V. Jones

Federal Philately • **Your government will be glad to sell you any of a long list of commemorative stamps at face value, or to stamp and return covers (envelopes) on the first day a new commemorative is put on sale. It has found that being nice to stamp collectors, of whom there are some 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 in the country, brings a profit of at least $3,000,000 a year.**

Among the 29 commemorative stamps issued this year, one marks the discovery of gold, another honors Swedish pioneers, and a third celebrates the centennial of the poultry industry. The chicken stamp, issued in September, shows a handsome Brahma rooster. If you know what you want, you may be able to get them from your local postmaster. For your Christmas cards, he will be happy to sell you any number of red 1948 Volunteer Firemen at three cents each; or if you prefer green, he probably has on hand enough three-cent Everglades of 1947.

Three more commemoratives are to be issued this year: Gettysburg Address, American Turners Society, and Joel Chandler Harris. As collectors of covers know, you may send up to ten self-addressed envelopes, with a postal order to cover the cost of the stamps, to the postmaster of the city which has the right of first-day sales. The postmaster affixes and cancels the new stamps and the collector gets his covers back through the mail. The cities and dates are: for Gettysburg Address, Gettysburg, Pa., November 19; American Turners Society, Cincinnati, Ohio, November 20; Joel Chandler Harris, Eatonton, Ga., December 9. Better send them well in advance, as dates are sometimes changed at the last minute.

The Philatelic Agency, Post Office Department, Washington 25, D. C., will send you a stock list of commemoratives and other stamps available. The earliest on hand at this writing is the 5-cent Roosevelt of 1946. To be sure of getting a plate number from the Agency, you'll have to buy a whole sheet of 50 in the three-cent denomination. If your local postmaster is starting a new sheet, however, he may give it to you with a block of four.

Going to Build? • Recent amendments to the National Housing Act enable you to borrow up to $6,000 with only a 5-per-cent down payment. That is, if you have $316 or a lot worth that much, you may be able to get a $6,000 loan to build a home, and pay it back over 30 years at the rate of $32 a month plus taxes and fire insurance—perhaps $45 a month in all. Your plans and credit standing must, of course, meet the approval of your lender and the FHA. In some parts of the country $6,000 will build quite a respectable small house.

If you're thinking of building in the spring, ask your bank, building association, or other lending institution for the terms of various FHA-insured loans. They run as high as $16,000, but above $6,000 the down payment is more than 5 per cent. The Federal Housing Administration, Washington 25, D. C., or one of its 67 insuring offices will send you a copy of its newly revised booklet, The FHA Plan of Home Ownership.

Stump the Experts • **You can get expert technical advice from the National Bureau of Standards on such things as a damp cellar or the best way to stain shingles. To answer the questions that pop oftenest out of its mailbag, the Bureau has made up more than 900 mimeographed "letter circulars," many on household problems.**

From Painting of Steam and Hot Water Radiators (LC 445) you learn that the last coat of paint on a radiator is the one that counts, and that so-called nonmetallic paints are most efficient. In Refinishing Wood Furniture (LC 748) you find that white marks made by hot dishes on a varnished table may sometimes be removed by applying turpentine and, soon after, wiping dry.

Polishes (LC 753) contains formulas for furniture, automobile, metal, floor, glass, stove, and shoe polishes, and advice on using them. Other free studies are Dampness in Masonry Walls Above Grade (LC 865), Dampness in Basements and Ground Floors (LC 813), Wood and Shingle Stains (LC 867), Finishes for Concrete Floors (LC 758), and Domestic Heating and Air Conditioning (LC 649).

The housewife also gets expert advice on the selection and care of furs in a 24-page pamphlet with the prosaic title, Furs: General Information (LC 888). She is informed that the most serviceable are badger, bear, beaver, fitch, fisher, kolinsky, certain Persian-lamb pelts, American mink, marten, otter, raccoon, Alaska sealskin, and skunk. Some of these are in the moderate price range.

For letter circulars, address National Bureau of Standards, Washington 25, D. C., and specify both title and number, if you know them. Selected titles of these and other Bureau studies are given in List of Publications of Interest to the General Public (LC 849). ■■

This is the brand new, beautiful Duo-Therm Sheraton-style upright heater with fine period furniture styling and exclusive duo-tone mahogany finish.

Save up to 25% on fuel oil with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-air!

When you can have substantial fuel oil savings, clean, workless heat *and* fine period furniture styling—why accept less in a heater for *your* home?

But remember: you get all three *only* in a Duo-Therm heater!

Power-Air saves up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4!

Make no mistake: only Duo-Therm heaters have this revolutionary Blower. And tests made by an independent authority in a cold Northern climate *prove* beyond a shadow of a doubt that Duo-Therm with Power-Air actually *saves up to 25% on fuel oil!* (This saving by itself can pay for your new Duo-Therm heater!)

Because it *is* a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets heat into hard-to-heat corners, too . . . keeps floors much warmer . . . gives you much more heat and comfort at the living level.

Exclusive Burner saves fuel oil, too

Yes, in addition to Power-Air fuel savings, you enjoy real fuel economy with this exclusive Duo-Therm Burner.

It mixes air and oil in 6 stages (another Duo-Therm exclusive) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame—*thus gets more heat from every drop of oil you burn.*

The full-bodied, mushroom type Duo-Therm flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber . . . hugs the chamber walls to transfer more heat to your home quicker. There's nothing to wear out because there are no moving parts. And it's absolutely silent!

You beautify your home as you heat it

Duo-Therm heaters—and *only* Duo-Therms—are styled like fine period furniture to add beauty to a room. Only Duo-Therm gives you its newly developed duo-tone mahogany heater finish, too—so beautiful, so practical!

And when you own a Duo-Therm you enjoy all the comforts of heat with none of the work. On the first cool day, light your Duo-Therm—then sit back and relax. You can tend the fire all winter by turning a simple dial.

You can enjoy Duo-Therm's clean, effortless heat in any one of a wide choice of models. For Duo-Therm makes a heater for practically every purse and purpose.

Free, fact-packed 12-page catalog

It shows all Duo-Therm models in full color, real room settings . . . gives you all the shopping facts you'll want to invest wisely in a heater. Send for your free copy now. In the meantime, visit your local Duo-Therm dealer and inspect the complete Duo-Therm line.

MORE THAN A MILLION SATISFIED USERS!

DUO-THERM

ALWAYS THE LEADER...

Duo-Therm Division of Motor Wheel Corp., Dept. LY-S4.
Lansing 3, Michigan

Please send me absolutely free your catalog on the

- ☐ Duo-Therm Fuel Oil Home Heaters
- ☐ Duo-Therm Automatic Gas Water Heaters
- ☐ Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Water Heaters
- ☐ Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Furnaces

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ P. O. Zone____ State_____

Duo-Therm is a registered trademark of Motor Wheel Corporation, Copyright 1948

LOOK OUT FOR COLDS AND SORE THROATS!

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... when you reach home

Attack germs before they attack you. When you sit through one of those cold, late-season football games, you may be letting yourself in for a nasty sore throat, a troublesome cold—or worse.

You see, excitement, fatigue, icy temperatures and cold feet may often lower body resistance so that threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the tissue. They can set up an infection, or aggravate one that is already started.

Nature Can Use Help

Then, if ever, Nature can use a helping hand to go after such threatening germs . . . to help prevent such a "mass invasion" . . . to head off a cold before it can get started.

That is why, when you get home, it is wise to gargle with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic repeatedly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" that many doctors hold responsible for so much of a cold's misery.

Actual tests have shown that the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after.

Always at the First Sniffle

Whenever you have sniffles, your throat is raw, or you feel chilly or under par, start the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

You may thus spare yourself a nasty siege of a cold or sore throat due to a cold.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

P.S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

The Envelope

His entire future—everything—depended on whether the envelope was there. A tense action thriller that will keep you guessing—and reading

Joe Childers took the car keys from his pocket and stared coldly at his wife, ignoring the Pooles. "You coming with me?" he demanded.

"Please, Joe," Viola entreated. "You're being childish."

Without another word he left them. He went down the clubhouse steps, headed for the parking lot. He made an effort to walk without staggering. He heard their voices behind him: Frank's sharp "No, Viola. You're going with us"; Viola's troubled "He'll be killed!" and Deb's answer, "There's no point in both of you getting killed."

Maybe he was drunk, but he wasn't too drunk to drive home. It was her fault that he had taken that last drink. He'd had no desire for another drink, but when she had told him not to take any more, it was time to show her who the boss was.

He had trouble locating his car. When he did find it, he tripped on the running board and fell across the seat.

He didn't feel right about driving home without Viola. He didn't feel right about driving, but it was too late to go back and say that now. He had done too much talking about how he was a better driver drunk than dry.

The car started with a lurch. He swung it around the circle that led past the entrance to the club. He looked for Viola and the Pooles, hoping that they had waited. The porch was empty.

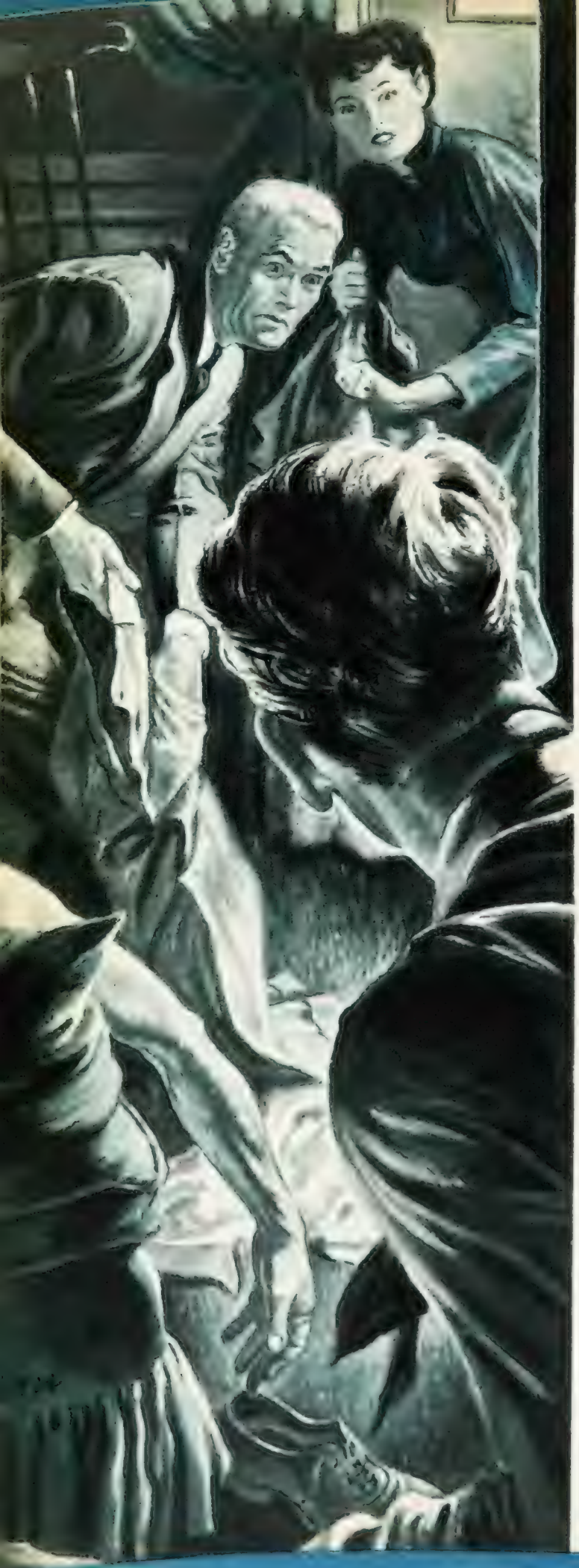
There were few cars on the road; it was one in the morning. He could make good time. In about ten minutes he would be in Washington, drive straight down Wisconsin Avenue to Key Bridge, over to Virginia, and another five minutes would bring him home.

Joe let the needle get up to forty-five and held it there. A car approached from Washington. He was driving in the middle of the road. He swung to the right. Too much! The right wheels went off the hard surface onto a sandy road shoulder. He spun the wheel back. The tires screamed as they returned to the road, almost went off on the left side, then finally came under control.

Joe swallowed hard. For a moment he was glad that Viola wasn't there. He settled down to a more serious contemplation of the job at hand. The road seemed to divide and become two roads. He tried a middle course, going between the mirage of two roads. That seemed to

by F. A. Nauheim

reading time 16 minutes



work pretty well. He smiled weakly at his ingenuity.

There was a man up ahead on Joe's right. He was standing by a bus-stop sign. A car came zooming up the road, the headlights bright, blinding. Joe squinted his eyes against the glare and hunched down over the wheel. He was over too far to the left again. The piercing headlights whizzed by. Almost at the same instant Joe heard a wild scream. Something thudded against the front of his car. He pulled hard to the left, slammed on his brake.

Joe groped frantically for the door handle. He lurched out into the road. He saw the man lying there, writhing. His eyes were wide open. Joe knelt in the road. "Oh, God, I'm sorry, mister! I'll get you right to the hospital. You'll be all right. I'll see that you have the best doctors. I'm insured. God, I'm sorry!" He lifted the body gently. The man gasped.

It was a light load for Joe's strong arms. He had never felt so weak or so terrified. He managed to get the back door open and he tenderly placed the man on the floor.

"You'll be better off here, fellow." He slipped his coat off and made it serve as a pillow. "You can't roll off the seat. I'll have you to a hospital in no time."

"*No!*" the man gasped. "Silver Spring. Two eighteen Sylvan Lane. Silver Spring."

"But," Joe protested, "you've gotta get to a hospital!"

"*Silver Spring!*" It was only a whisper but it had the emphasis of a shout. The man's eyes closed. Joe started to protest again, but then he stopped. He gave the man a hesitant shake. He forced back one of the eyelids. The man was unconscious. He stepped back, slammed the door, and ran to the driver's seat.

At East-West Highway he turned to the left. Here he was driving away from a hospital—there were two just behind him. Suppose the man died before he got him home? *Drunken driver. Manslaughter. Criminal neglect in not taking a dying man to the nearest doctor.* But you mow a man down and he tells you what he wants, *insists*—what can you do? His foot had the accelerator down to the floor, but he was sober, cold sober.

Viola. This would kill her. Every time they had a fight she was right and he was wrong. She'd be worried sick when he didn't show up. Maybe after he got the man home he'd be able to phone. But what could he tell her? He was going to jail for this, sure as hell. No possible out. You lead a decent life, do what's right, then one crazy thing happens and it's all over.

From time to time he looked over his shoulder at the figure on the floor. Maybe the man was dead already.

Georgia Avenue. An all-night gas station. Joe swung in. "Sylvan Lane!" he shouted to the attendant who came out of the office.

"Straight ahead three blocks and turn right."

■ Joe turned in at Sylvan Lane and slowed as he entered the 200 block, searching for house numbers. At 218 the first-floor lights were burning. At least he wouldn't have to get someone out of bed in the middle of the night. He jumped out of the car and ran to the door. In another second he was going to have to face someone and tell what he had done. Probably the man's wife.

He rang the bell. The door opened at once. A middle-aged man and woman stood in the small entrance hall. "What is it?" the man asked. He was tall, bald, in his fifties, but he looked powerful. The woman was dark and ugly.

"An accident," Joe gulped. "I struck a man with my car. He insisted that I bring him here. I wanted to take him to a hospital, but—" The couple exchanged startled glances. The woman gasped. Her hand flew to her mouth. The man pushed Joe aside and ran to the car. The woman hurried after him. Joe followed.

The man took the limp form in his arms and rushed back. Joe was behind the woman as they went into the living room. She turned her dark, lined face to him. "Get

The doctor looked at Joe with hard eyes. "He's dead," he stated. Joe's attention was caught by the clothes.

outside," she ordered brusquely. "Wait on the porch."

"Can't I go for a doctor?" Joe pleaded.

The man turned his head. "I am a doctor. Wait outside."

The living-room shades were drawn. Joe paced up and down on the porch, pounding his fist into his open palm. He thought about his parents. What would they say? Maybe his father—but, damn it, this wasn't kid trouble. There was nothing his father could do. No one could do anything, certainly not if the man died. If he lived, it would be bad enough—but manslaughter . . .

There had been no opportunity to call Viola yet. He could see her lying in bed, her soft dark hair fanned out on the pillow, wide-eyed, probably wet-eyed, wondering, worrying.

Joe stopped pacing. He stood biting his lips, staring at the door. Then he wrenched it open and stepped inside. The doctor and the woman snapped about in alarm. The man was lying on the sofa, nude. There was a long angry-looking bruise running from under his right arm almost halfway across his back. At the back of his head the hair was matted and dark. His clothes were spread out on the floor. All the pockets were inside out. The woman was clutching the jacket. She had just ripped open the lining.

■ Joe stood in the entrance of the living room staring at the scene. "What are you doing?" he demanded.

The doctor stood erect. He looked at Joe with hard tight eyes. "He's dead," he stated flatly.

The fragment of hope Joe had clung to exploded. Ten years, twenty years, maybe life. Numbly his eyes went to the nude body, but turned away quickly. Again his attention was caught by the clothes on the floor.

"What are you doing to his clothes?" he asked. His voice was faint and rough.

The doctor's and the woman's eyes met. She gave a slight nod. The doctor walked around Joe, placing himself between Joe and the door.

There was no emotion in the doctor's face. "The man you have just killed had something for me—an envelope. He phoned less than an hour ago and said he had it. He was on his way here when you killed him. *I want that envelope!*"

"I didn't see any envelope," Joe protested.

"It's gone. You must have it!" The doctor advanced.

Joe shook his head, bewildered. "I don't know anything about an envelope. A man's just died! Where's your phone? I've got to call my wife, then you can call the police and get this over with." He wanted to collapse into a chair, but the doctor and woman were so rigid, were glaring at him so, he didn't move.

The doctor spoke to the woman without taking his eyes from Joe: "Go out and search the car. Maybe it's on the floor, where he was lying. I'll search him." She hurried out.

Joe felt no emotion other than despair. He submitted to the search without protest. It was quick and thorough. The doctor went through the papers and cards in Joe's wallet with care. As he completed the job with evident disappointment, the woman returned. She carried Joe's jacket. "It's not there," she said. The doctor cursed.

The doctor addressed him by name: "Look, Childers, you know what you did tonight. You know what it can cost you, don't you? You stink like a brewery. Driving while drunk and killing a man—that's as bad as murder!"

"Save your damn lecture!" Joe stormed. "Get the cops. Have it done with!"

"Maybe that won't be necessary."

Joe sucked in a big breath. A hard tight smile tilted one side of the doctor's lips as he watched the reaction to his statement. "I must have that envelope!" he exclaimed. "Go back and get it for me and you'll go home to your wife scot free."

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

As easy as that! Everything back to where it had been, as though there never had been that one extra drink, the fight with Viola, the accident—as easy as that!

"What about the—the body?" Joe's voice sounded strange in his ears.

"I'll take care of that." The doctor reached down, picked up Joe's coat, and tossed it to him. "We'll be waiting."

The drive back on the East-West Highway seemed endless. His entire future—everything—depended on whether the envelope was there. Logically, it must be there. But nothing that had happened that night had been logical.

Joe's headlights caught the bus-stop sign where he had first seen the man. He pulled up. His headlights illuminated the road where the man had been struck. There was nothing in the road.

He got out of the car and walked along the edge of the road, looking in the high grass.

Becoming frantic, he ran along the road edge till he was breathless, exhausted. He stood up and looked back. He had gone too far. Working his way back, he covered a wider swath. And then he saw it—lying in the shadow of the bus sign.

His hands shook and his breath came in painful gasps as he seized the envelope. It was ordinary enough. It bore no printing or writing on its outside surfaces. He went to the car and held it against one of the headlights. Strips of narrow card—or was it film?

Joe drove at a more leisurely pace as he traversed the highway for the third time that night. The tension was gone. He looked at his wrist watch. Ten after two. He would stop at the Georgia Avenue gas station and call Viola. What to tell her was another problem. The lights of the gas station loomed up just a block away. He'd have to tell Viola something.

■ She answered the phone before the first ring was completed. "Joe! Joe darling! Where are you? Are you all right?" Her voice was broken with sobs.

"I'm all right, honey. I wanted to phone sooner, but I couldn't."

"Where are you? What happened?"

Joe paused for a second. "I got in a bit of a mess. But it's working out fine, honey. Don't worry. I'll tell you all about it when I get home. I love you, baby. Just don't worry about me. I'll be home in about an hour."

"What kind of mess, Joe?" Elements of caution and fear replaced the alarm in her voice.

"I've got to go now, honey. I'll tell you when I get home."

"Joe!"

"Yes?"

She was crying again. "I should have stayed with you. Whatever happened, it was my fault. Even if you were drunk, I should have trusted you."

He said, "Take it easy, baby." He blew a kiss into the phone and hung up. He would be able to go home to her now. A little sullied maybe. There would be a dirty feeling inside. But he'd be there for her to go on loving. Loving and trusting.

Joe groped in his pocket. He dropped another five-cent piece in the slot and dialed the operator. His voice was crisp: "Let me have the police."

Outside the gas station Joe sat in the car with anxious eyes on his watch. It was nearly a quarter of three when he started the motor.

The house on Sylvan Lane was dark. Joe parked and got out. He glanced up and down the street. No one was in sight. The lights being out worried him. When he pressed the doorbell he could hear the remote sound of chimes. Nothing happened. Twice more he pressed the button. No one came. He tried pounding on the door.

He walked off the porch and stood in the street. Nothing. Not even a breath of wind to stir the trees. He swallowed hard and thrust his hands into *(Continued on page 58)*

WHAT AMERICAN REDS WILL DO IF WAR COMES

The inside and startling story of how our native Communists have their orders to turn guns on the rest of us in the event of a shooting war with Russia

by Robert E. Stripling
Chief Investigator, House Committee on Un-American Activities
as told to Stacy V. Jones

reading time 14 minutes

■ In the event of a Russo-American war, the Communist movement in this country will do everything in its power to bring about the defeat of the United States. Although they may be American citizens, Communists are loyal only to Moscow. Even when the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. were fighting a common enemy they tried to steal our most closely guarded secrets for the Kremlin.

I have spent ten years investigating Communism in the United States, and I have not the faintest doubt where a Communist's allegiance lies. Indeed, the Communist International published a curious handbook in 1932 instructing the faithful in this and other countries outside Russia to fight their own governments in any war with the Soviet Union and to try to turn the conflict into civil war. This is a basic document which has never been rescinded nor repudiated. Furthermore, it is immaterial to the Communists who starts the war. It's Russia, right or wrong.

William Z. Foster, national chairman of the Communist Party of the United States, recently told a Senate committee that in a Soviet-American war the Communists in this country would fight to bring that war to a "democratic termination" at the earliest possible moment. He did not define "democratic termination," but plainly meant settling it Russia's way. "We are not going to fight against the Soviet Union," he said flatly. "We are not going to fight any imperialist war." He refused to say whether, if drafted, Communists would disobey military orders.

Just what would and could the American Reds do in the event of hostilities? A foretaste is given by their current efforts to drive a wedge between the scientists and the government. The next war, if there is one, will be an atomic war. Therefore the Communists realize that our atomic scientists are just as valuable to them as our military men would be. By skillful propaganda they have won considerable sympathy for Russia among our intellectuals. If they can confuse and isolate the scientists further, they may create such a breach as to prevent the government getting the full benefit of scientific effort in time of war.

The recent revelations of the delivery of vital information to Soviet agents during World War II were shocking enough. It is true that the men who surrendered it had the weak excuse that Soviet Russia was our ally. To the Russians themselves this partnership was merely accidental, "a temporary alliance of the proletariat with the bourgeoisie." Research is now opening up new fields in atomic

warfare. We cannot risk the chance that in an actual war with Russia misguided men might hand our secrets to the enemy, that Moscow would know our new weapons as soon as Washington.

The Soviet wooing of our scientists illustrates the flexibility of Communist tactics. In upholding the U. S. S. R. the Communists will do whatever is expedient from day to day. On Monday it may be co-operation. On Tuesday it may be noisy rebellion, with a march on the Capitol and broken heads.

Red strategy falls in certain predictable patterns, and I am certain that whatever the circumstances, they will use three weapons: propaganda, sabotage, and espionage. Both tactics and the choice of weapons will depend on the stage of the war. By way of illustration, let us suppose that the Soviet army has pushed the Allied forces back from Berlin, but that the Allies are holding at the Rhine. This would be the period for propaganda to "get the boys out of Europe," to divide us from our allies, and to confuse our leadership, at the same time hampering war production and training. Let us suppose again that the Soviet army has advanced to the Atlantic and has driven us out of Europe. Soviet propaganda then plays all the isolationist tunes louder than ever. The situation is pictured as hopeless. Efforts are made to break the morale of the troops, to tie up airplane production, to paralyze shipment by sea. Spying is redoubled.

Actual insurrection will be held for the final stages of such a war, when it has a chance of being effective. An atomic bomb, let us say, drops on Detroit. This is the cue for riots, looting, contrived panics, and even the seizure of radio stations, police headquarters, and utility plants.

Another phase I have not mentioned is the period before hostilities are begun—the present, if you will. There is more than a suspicion that the strike of Harry Bridges' longshoremen on the Pacific coast, and the strike in the oil fields were part of the Communist pattern. In the Far East the Communists have been fomenting trouble at the source of strategic raw materials such as rubber, in order to hamper our stock-piling.

■ The first Communist step after the radio brings word of hostilities will be quick but inconspicuous. The already well-hidden Communist high command—actual agents who give orders to the American Communists—will disappear completely. Gerhart Eisler and J. Peters have served in these top jobs, but doubtless have been succeeded by others since they were exposed. The incumbents will probably go into hiding in Mexico.

The Russian Embassy in Mexico City, or one belonging to a satellite country, may well serve, in the event of war, as Communist headquarters for this hemisphere. From our experience with the Germans, we may expect a crop of very active Iron Curtain consular offices to bloom overnight in every city of Mexico, and even in the United States, if they are permitted.

Mexico became a haven for at least 12,000 Communists from Spain after the Spanish civil war. They and Communist refugees from many other parts of Europe have already established an effective underground. Otto Katz, a close associate of Gerhart Eisler, helped direct Communist espionage from Mexico in World War II. Vicente Lombardo Toledano, head of the Communist-controlled labor group in Mexico and Latin America, holds a whip hand over Mexican workers.

In the event of war, the visible machinery of the party in this country would no doubt continue operating openly for a time at the headquarters in East Twelfth Street, New York City. If Foster, the national chairman, Eugene Dennis, the national secretary, and other known officers were picked up by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and had to stay in jail, the Twelfth Street headquarters would still function, for the Communists are organized in a system of "relays and reserves." If Foster is marched off, up steps Comrade A to take his place, and if Comrade A is removed, Comrade B is right behind him. Even the name of the party might be changed, and it might leave Twelfth Street but function nevertheless. All this was planned years ago.

■ Communist propaganda is unceasing and takes various forms. The Daily Worker, published in New York, is the party's mouthpiece and is widely known as such. More dangerous are the unsuspected channels into which the Communists have been able to get propaganda—certain segments of the radio and press. The party has made several attempts to get licenses to set up its own broadcasting stations. Even though its open moves have not succeeded, at least two radio stations in the United States are controlled by persons with many Communist-front affiliations. Communists have infiltrated radio, as they have the other arts. The networks have removed a number of commentators who were dispensing the party line, but radio is still not entirely free from them. Either by infiltration or through actual seizure of a station, Communists could do incalculable harm in wartime. It would be the work of only a minute to throw a whole city into panic by a false report.

The Daily Worker, in its editorials, special articles, and the slant given its "news" stories, conveys to the party members and sympathizers what they are to think, say, and do. More than that, many foreign-language papers are controlled by Communists. More than three million people in this country were born in Russia and other Iron Curtain countries, and many of them get their news only from publications in the mother tongue.

The Communists can always get a certain amount of propaganda into the English-language press by influencing non-Communist liberals, by writing letters to the editor, and by creating disturbances which make news. All the familiar demonstration tactics—including the rally at Madison Square Garden, the picket line around the White House, and the "march on Washington"—will be staged in a whipped-up frenzy if the fatherland of the international proletariat is threatened by Yankee imperialism.

The other propaganda machinery includes the scores of Communist fronts. We may look for new ones with titles like the Housewives Committee Against War, Friends of the Russian People, the Hands Off Latin-America Committee, the New England Society of Anti-Fascists, and Peace with Honor, Inc. Many will be headed by confused liberals, but the executive secretaries will be Communists. Beware of persons soliciting the use of your name and contributions of funds for unknown groups with pretentious titles.

Existing organizations will find enthusiastic new members if war comes. The Communists will attempt to take over completely such organizations as the War Resisters League, and will succeed with many. Actually, they have great contempt for pacifism. They are taught that the only way to "peace" is to arm the *(Continued on page 60)*

The Magic

A practical prescription for getting what you want out of life

by Claude M. Bristol

IS there a something, a force, a factor, a power, a science—call it what you will—which a few people understand and use to overcome their difficulties and achieve outstanding success? I firmly believe that there is, and it is my purpose to attempt to explain it so that you may use it if you desire.

I have seen those who have used it double and triple their incomes, build their own successful businesses, acquire homes in the country, and create sizable fortunes. I am convinced that any intelligent person who is sincere with himself can reach any heights he desires.

Since I am aware that some may call me a "crackpot" or a "screwball," let me say that I am past the half-century mark, served as a soldier in World War I, and have had many years of hard practical business experience, as well as a goodly number of years as a newspaper man. I started as a police reporter, and police reporters are trained to get facts and "accept nothing for granted."

I have always had an insatiable yearning to seek explanations and answers. This yearning has taken me to many strange places, brought to light many peculiar cases, and has caused me to read every book I could get my hands on dealing with religions, cults, and both physical and mental sciences. Many were nonsensical, others strange, and many very profound. Gradually I discovered that there is a golden thread that runs through all the teachings and makes them work for those who sincerely accept and apply them, and that thread can be named in the single word—*belief*. It is belief which causes people to be cured through mental healing, enables others to climb high the ladder of success, and gets phenomenal results for all who accept it. Why belief is a miracle worker is something that cannot be satisfactorily explained; but have no doubt about it, there's genuine magic in believing.

Much has been written and said about mystical powers, unknown forces, the occult, metaphysics (beyond science), mental physics, psychology (the science of mind), black and white magic, and many kindred subjects, causing most people to believe that they are in the field of the supernatural. Perhaps they are for some, but my conclusion is that the only inexplicable thing about these powers is that it is belief that makes them work.

Since the beginning of man there have been two great subtle forces in the world—good and evil. The basic principle operating both is *mind power*—massed mind power. Sometimes evil appears to have the upper hand, and at other times good is at the controls. It is mind power that has built empires, and now we have seen how it can be used to destroy them—history is recording the facts.

Take great care that you do not misuse the science of "Mind Stuff." If you employ it for harmful or evil purposes, it will boomerang and destroy you just as it has others down through the centuries.

■ Today it is recognized that we all have two minds, each one endowed with separate and distinct attributes and powers, and each one capable, under certain conditions, of independent action. There is no difficulty in your comprehending that the conscious mind operates in the brain, for whenever you do any concentrated thinking you feel it in your head. Sometimes the thought is so intense and prolonged that your head aches, or your eyes become tired, or your temples throb. Also, you can generally trace the source of the thought. It may be suggested by something you have seen or heard or read; perhaps it is a new idea for your business or your home; maybe it is the continuation of some thought you have been pondering for a long time past. The point is that you can connect it with something already related to your consciousness.

Sometimes your thought is concerned with trying to solve a difficult problem, and you have become so ex-

Copyright, 1948, by Claude M. Bristol. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. Price $2.95.

# of Believing

hausted and so discouraged at failing to arrive at the solution that you "give it up," "let the whole thing go," "dismiss it from your mind," a state of feeling you often have at night when you can't sleep because of the thought that is pounding and gripping your brain. The moment you "let it go," it begins to sink, as though it were moving downward somewhere inside of you. The tension in your conscious mind then decreases and you are soon asleep. The next morning when you wake up, your conscious mind begins to think again about the problem, when suddenly there appears before your mind's eyes a mental picture of your problem—completely solved and with all the necessary directions for appropriate action on your part.

Where did the thought go when you released it from your conscious mind and through what power inside of you was the problem solved?

It is the conscious mind that is the source of thought. Also, it gives us the sense of awareness in our normal waking life: the recognition and understanding of our environment: the power to rule over our mental faculties, to recall the events of our past life, and to comprehend our emotions and their significance. It enables us to have a rational understanding of the objects and persons about us, of our own successes or shortcomings, of the validity of an argument, or the beauty of a work of art.

The chief powers of the conscious mind are reason, logic, form, judgment, calculation, conscience, and the moral sense. By it we take cognizance of the objective world, and its means of observation are our five physical senses. Our conscious mind is the outgrowth of our physical necessities and likewise our guide in the struggle with our material environment.

But now and then when the solution of a problem is not forthcoming, we become exhausted with continued trying, we begin to lose confidence in ourselves, and we often resign ourselves to the idea that we have failed and that nothing can be done about it. Here is where the subconscious mind comes in—to help us to renew our belief in ourselves, to assist us to overcome our difficulty, and to put us on the road to achievement and success.

■ To draw upon the resources and powers of the subconscious and awaken it into action, you must first be sure that you are asking for something that is rightfully yours to have and is within your ability to handle; for the subconscious manifests itself only according to the capabilities of the person. Then you must have patience and absolute faith, for, as Théodore Simon Jouffroy, the French philosopher, said, "The subconscious mind will not take the trouble to work for those who do not *believe* in it." Next, in conveying your need to the subconscious, it must be in the spirit—that the work has *already been done*. Thus, while it is necessary for you to *feel* and *think* yourself successful, it is important for you to go one step further and actually *see* yourself as already successful, either in the performance of some selected task or as actually occupying the position to which you are aspiring. For the next and final step, you must wait patiently while the subconscious is assimilating the elements of your problem and then goes about its own way to work it out for you.

In due course, with the flowing of the ideas and plans of the subconscious into your waiting conscious mind, the solution of your problem will be revealed to you and the correct course of action indicated, which you must follow immediately and unquestioningly. You must receive the message from the subconscious freely, and after understanding it you must act on it at once. Only by so doing will you make your subconscious serve you and continue to respond whenever you call upon it.

However, your problem may be one that cannot be solved in the above manner. Instead of receiving the solution in the form of a "blueprint," as it were, to guide your steps to the final fulfillment, you may, instead, feel some mysterious force urging you at intervals to do certain things that seem to have no special significance or logical connection. Nevertheless, you must continue to believe in the power and wisdom of the subconscious, and obediently perform the seemingly irrelevant thing. One day you will find yourself in the position you sought through the aid of the subconscious, and doing the work you envisioned for yourself. Then, when you look back, you will see how the things you were called upon to do all formed a logical line of events, the last one of which was your final arriving—the reward of your sincerest hopes and desires—your own triumphant personal success.

■ Success is a matter of never-ceasing application. At no time can you afford to rest on your laurels—a pause for self-admiration—because there are others who may have eyes on your coveted place and who would like nothing better than to push you out of it, especially if they observe that you have a weak hold on it or are doing nothing to strengthen your position.

One man I know who has many achievements to his credit and who has passed the seventy mark, declared that most people fall by the wayside because they are never starting anything.

"I make it a plan," he said, "and have for years, to start something new—that is, new for me—at least once a week. It may be only the making of some simple gadget for use in the kitchen or it may be an entirely new sales plan or reading an unfamiliar book. I find in following this plan not only that I keep my body and mind active, but also that I put to use a lot of imaginative qualities that otherwise might fall asleep and atrophy."

Closely linked with the matter of initiative are interest and attention. We all know that we do best the things in which we are interested, so if you do not find the task before you of interest, look for one that will interest you.

Many employees hold to the idea that their work is given to them merely that they may further the interests of their employers. They never entertain the thought that they are actually working for themselves, the employer merely furnishing the tools and the place for the employee to work. There is an old saying that unless a man has learned to take orders he can never learn to give them. How true this is; but how few, working day after day, ever realize that it is within their own power to sit some day in the executive's place and give orders.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one," said Emerson. You can't do a good deed without having a good deed done to you in return; this is true, no matter how Pollyanna-ish it may sound to some people.

Rare indeed is the man who *(Continued on page 49)*

Can we foretell

reading time 12 minutes

■ Three years before Pearl Harbor Day, Fred S. Cook, an American war correspondent, was lying asleep in a small Chinese village. He dreamed that he was on the beach at Waikiki. All was peaceful until he heard the sound of motors and looked up to find the sky filled with planes. The planes bore the insignia of the Rising Sun.

Cook began to run toward the harbor, yelling, "The Japs are coming!" But when he arrived at the harbor he found it filled with burning warships. In the midst of this nightmare he was awakened by an old Chinese who admonished him, "You wake everybody—only bad dream—go back to sleep."

But three years later Cook was to learn that it was not just a bad dream but grim reality. What happened that night in the little Chinese village? Was it only coincidence that his dream came true? Was his dream caused by fears of a Japanese invasion? Or did Cook's mind somehow pierce the veil of time and have a genuine preview of the Pearl Harbor disaster three years before it happened?

If you find it easy to explain Cook's prophetic dream as coincidence, how would you explain the experience of Loomis C. Johnson, a St. Louis attorney?

One night Johnson dreamed that he was playing poker. In his dream he was dealt three kings, a jack, and an ace. He kept the jack and drew another card, which at first looked like an ace but then faded into a jack, which gave him a full house. He won a large pot. He wrote down the dream but mentioned it to no one.

The next Saturday he went to the weekly game. After losing heavily, he was dealt three kings, an ace, and a jack. He threw away the ace and asked for one card, which was an ace. However, the card was "flashed" in dealing and he called for a new card, which was a jack, giving him the full house, just as in the dream. And, as in the dream, he won the pot.

Such cases as these have kept alive through the centuries the belief that the mind of man could somehow foretell the future or gain knowledge through supernormal channels. Far from being rare, such anecdotes have been authenticated and reported by the thousands by various psychical research societies. Surveys have shown that a large percentage of the population have prophetic experiences at one time or another. Many famous people have reported premonitory dreams. Abraham Lincoln foretold his own death. Mark Twain had a dream about the death of his brother which was later confirmed—in detail—by reality.

Science says the human mind can pierce the veil of time, and offers some fascinating evidence to prove it

the Future?

by John D. Murphy

The American Society for Psychical Research in New York is headed by Dr. George H. Hyslop, a well-known New York physician. Gardner Murphy, the famous psychologist, investigates many of the cases that come to the attention of this society. The members of the society, including many prominent people, are sure the society has authenticated hundreds of cases of true prophecy.

■ During the war prophetic experiences seemed to increase surprisingly. Many examples similar to the following were reported:

On April 2, 1944, Mrs. E. O. Bailey of Memphis, Tennessee, was taking a nap on her front porch. Suddenly she awoke and excitedly told her husband that she had just had a realistic dream in which she saw their son, Lieutenant Oliver Bailey, then on duty as a navigator on a B-17 in Europe.

She stated that in the dream Lieutenant Bailey had fallen from his plane and it seemed that certain death awaited him, but that he had landed in a snowbank and had been saved. About three weeks later Mrs. Bailey received a telegram from the War Department stating that her son was missing in action. She remembered the dream and hoped he was safe. Two months later her hopes were justified when she received word that he was a prisoner of war in Austria.

But it was not until a year later, when Lieutenant Bailey came home, that his mother learned how true her vision had been. He related that on April 2, 1944, the date of his mother's dream, his plane had been shot from the sky by a German fighter. He fell out, without a parachute. But, just as in the dream, he landed in a deep snowbank on a mountainside and was saved from what seemed certain death.

Dr. J. B. Rhine, head of the psychology department at Duke University, is a member of the Psychical Research Society. He estimates that at least one person in five has had some experience where his mind received knowledge through supernormal channels. It was just such cases as these, in fact, which led Dr. Rhine to a scientific laboratory investigation of the strange powers of the mind.

With three other professors he began the now famous scientific research of ESP (Extra-Sensory Perception) in 1930. Dr. Rhine undertook either to prove or disprove the ESP theory by means of tests taken with a pack of 25 cards. There are five cards *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED SIEBEL

What you should know abou

Straightening a child's or an adult's teeth is tedious and expensive. While the correct treatment can prove to be a near miracle, even remaking a person's life, orthodontia, as the practice of straightening teeth is called, is sometimes unnecessary. In fact, it is sometimes wrong and even harmful, in spite of visible misplacement of the teeth. Unfortunately there are no statistics to show how many seemingly successful cases *remain* successful. For the final adjustment of the tissues does not take place until long after the appliances have been removed. A relapse may occur after years of mechanical retention.

How do you know whether your child's teeth need straightening? Are a few crooked teeth harmful to health? Is it possible for them to right themselves? If your child does need treatment, what is the best age to start? What guaranty have you that after the teeth are straightened they will stay that way? What makes a child's teeth grow crooked anyway? Is such a condition hereditary? Is there anything you yourself can do to prevent the crooked teeth from beginning? And to whom should you go for advice?

I talked with general practitioner dentists and the specialist orthodontists to get the answers to those questions for Liberty's readers. I was fortunate in one respect: the subject of straightening teeth wasn't exactly new to me. A good 35 years ago my mother took me to our family dentist, who immediately prescribed what he called "braces" for my teeth. Although my lower jaw still held many baby teeth, he declared it was too narrow and undoubtedly the second teeth would come crowding in. As for the upper jaw, with the new front teeth already significantly there, well, my mother could see for herself, couldn't she? These teeth weren't exactly what you might label "buck," but they certainly appeared prominent. Who knows what I would eventually look like? Too bad, and a girl too! My mother had visions of me being an old maid unless she agreed to have my teeth straightened at a cost of $500. And I, delighted at being the sudden center of such expensive attention, joined the increasing parade of self-satisfied little girls who were wearing unsightly wires around their teeth.

I was given a list of instructions. I would have to visit the dentist weekly and get my braces tightened. Gold bands were cemented on some of my teeth and the braces (which were removable) hooked onto them. I only hoped the dentist would hook those braces straight across my front teeth so they would show! This he did, so tightly, indeed, that I would ultimately come to regret it.

For the first month the straightening procedure fascinated me; then it palled. Giving up my precious Saturday mornings for the long trek to the dentist's irked me. Besides, my teeth, loosening against the constant pressure, hurt. I finally conceived the idea of removing my braces each night and hiding them under my pillow. All went well until I accidentally yanked off one of the gold bands and swallowed it! Should I confess that I had been cheating, or should I quietly die of gold-band poisoning? The thought of that gold band rotting away my innards proved too much. Upon full confession my mother telephoned the dentist, who calmly added to my misery by prescribing an extra large dose of castor oil.

Thereafter I meekly wore the braces for several years, until my parents had paid in full for the treatment. I was never officially discharged. One day I just gave up going, nobody said anything, and I left the braces off. I remember, however, that day in my teens when my mother suddenly stared at me and seemed to see the light as she declared, "Do you know I wonder if your teeth ever needed straightening after all? Why, I think the upper ones would have been all right; they don't seem so *big* any more. And the lower ones have gone back to being crooked! It's lucky they don't show!"

Recently two noticeable ridges developed on my front teeth, and several dentists have decided the bone composition of those teeth was not strong enough to withstand that early brace pressure. So, in conducting this investigation, I was personally interested in where our family dentist, long since in his grave, had gone wrong treating me.

I learned he had had no ethical right to undertake straightening mine or anybody else's teeth! Although, as yet, there is no law to protect either patient or dentist, only orthodontists or *general practitioner dentists who have taken a postgraduate orthodontics course* have the proper knowledge to do a thorough teeth-straightening job. Orthodontia entails problems which are beyond the usual professional scope of the family dentist unless he has undergone this extra specialized training. Above all he should be able to differentiate between the individual normal and abnormal. What is right for one child is not right, at the same age, for another. Every case is special; everybody grows differently.

The experts say the best ages to begin straightening—for medical purposes—is between one and 15. But one child's one may be another child's 15, just as some six-year-olds are taller or fatter than a 12-year-old. Before prescribing treatment an orthodontist studies his young patient's rate of growth from every possible angle. As there is no single growth pattern applicable to everyone, the orthodontist makes sure that a given condition is not merely a process of growth which might be normal for the individual under *(Continued on page 59)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY MORRIS

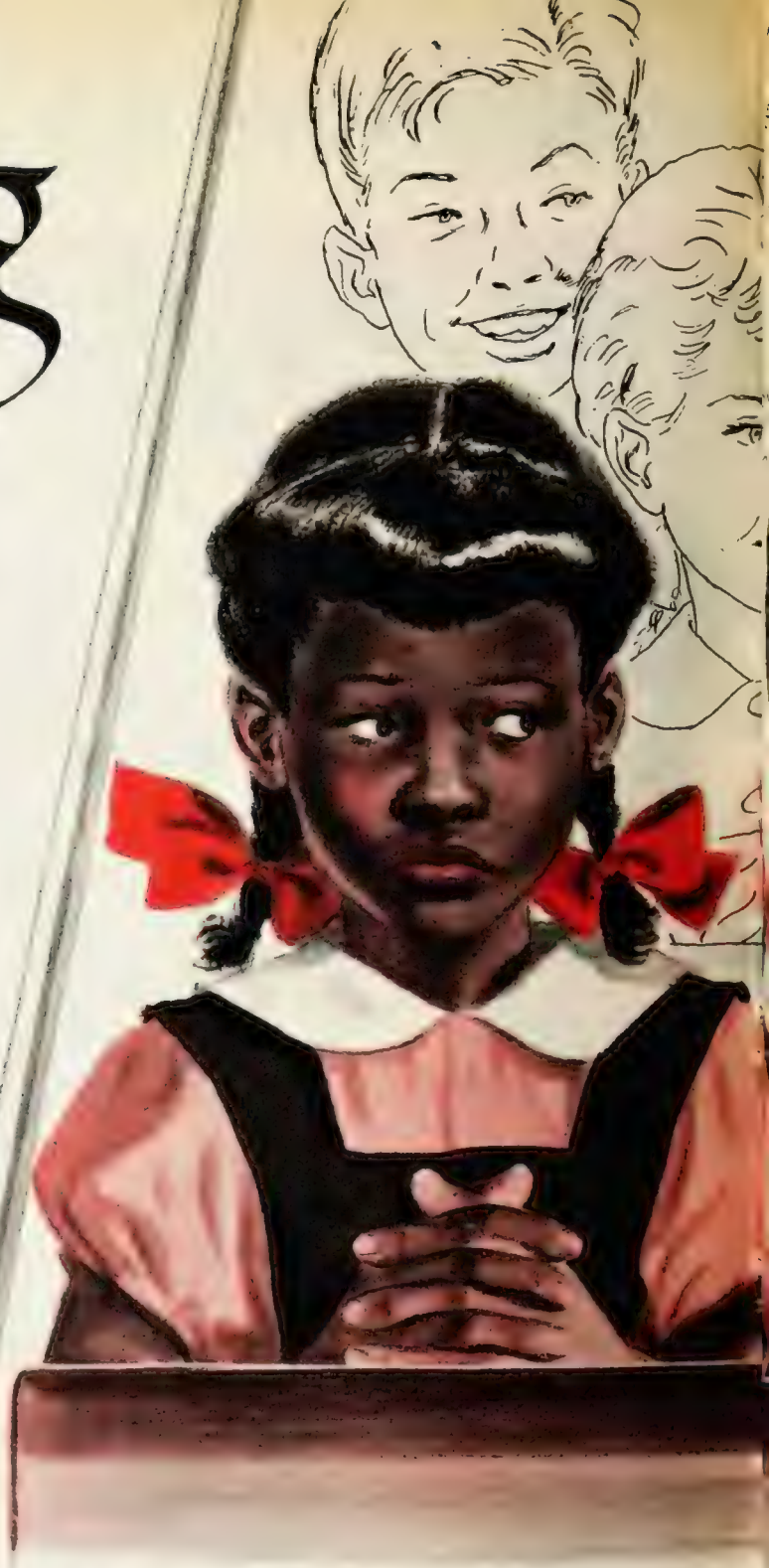
Before deciding that your child needs braces on her teeth to give her that Hollywood smile, better read what the experts have to say

reading time 10 minutes

straightening Teeth

by Nanette Kutner

Bearing Gifts



by Virginia Greene Millikin

There's wisdom, laughter—and maybe a tear—in this unforgettable tale of the Christmas spirit

reading time 22 minutes

■ The day the three Peters children entered the third grade at Whittier school after they had moved across town to the edge of the "white district," Miss Holmes, the teacher, said it was time to start plans for the Christmas entertainment.

The Peters children had been disappointed when Mammy told them that they would be too far away from their old playmates to see them often. Most of the pupils in the former school had been Negroes like themselves and they had had such good times. Today, in a brand-new school, they had stood quite still in a row and stared, wide-eyed, at all the white children staring back at them. There were Silky and Sarah, the twins, nine years old, with their black hair oiled and straightened and combed in beautiful bangs over their wide foreheads, and Co-Co, their brother, who was eight and a constant source of uneasiness to Silky, who had more family pride than the other two combined.

"Is this all of you?" Teacher asked, writing down their names.

"Yes'm," Silky and Sarah answered together, but Co-Co, showing his even white teeth and scratching his amazingly kinky head, answered, "No'm, we got a baby brother home, three months and two days old, name o' Dan, after Pappy. Pappy, he's daid before little Dan borned."

"Oh," said Teacher, looking sorry.

Silky and Sarah were sometimes sorry they had had to miss a year at school that time they had pneumonia, which gave Co-Co a chance to catch up with them. As Silky had said to Mammy only this morning when they were all nervous about having to come to the new school, "It ain't that we are sorry not to be ahead of him, but we never know what he's going to do or say. Like the time when we lived at Sleepy Corners and the teacher asked him his name and he said it was Mud, and all the kids laughed and began calling us the Mud Puddle!" There had been tears in Silky's eyes and Co-Co felt ashamed. None of the Peterses liked to see tears in Silky's eyes. But now he felt he must defend himself.

"Well, Mammy, you done tole me yo' own self, you named me Co-Co 'cause I was the color of it, and when I was learning to write I liked to make Ms and made 'em better than the Cs—so I wrote Mud —it's the same color as cocoa anyway."

"Silly," snapped Sarah. She was the peppery one in the family.

Co-Co grinned at Mammy and ducked beyond the reach of her good-natured but well-aimed hand.

Mammy had laughed when she started the three off this morning. "This is goin' to be home now, child'n, so mind yo' manners and be likable. Miz Rankin up there on the hill with the white folks is getting me so many washings we just had to move closter to 'em. So you gotta make yo'selves happy."

"What if they ain't no colored folks in this school a-tall?" Sarah had voiced the doubt in all their minds. "They mightn't like us if they ain't no others."

"You hush yo' mouth," *(Continued on page 61)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

JOAN OF ARC

Playing the heroic French peasant girl on the screen is a dream come true for Ingrid Bergman.

Bergman as the martyred Maid heads a cast of 4,000 in this epic drama

■ Actress Ingrid Bergman, producer Walter Wanger, and director Victor Fleming, all Joan of Arc enthusiasts, last year pooled their resources—$4,600,000 worth—and produced in Technicolor a film about France's martyred Maid that ranks at the top as entertainment and in historical accuracy. Thanks to the meticulous efforts of the investing triumvirate, including seven months of research, their Joan of Arc is as letter-perfect a film as Hollywood has ever achieved. It is not only movie-making at its best, but it is the first film of such epic proportions to come out of Hollywood in a long time.

Miss Bergman, already the winner of 34 awards and an Oscar since her arrival in the United States in 1939, plays Joan with great warmth and loving simplicity. Ever since she was a schoolgirl in Sweden, Miss Bergman has dreamed of playing Joan on the screen. She even wrote a full-length screen play in an effort to convince her former boss, David O. Selznick, that she could play the role. But it was not until her spectacular success in Maxwell Anderson's Joan of Lorraine on Broadway in 1946 that a movie version of her stage performance was assured.

No one could have played the inspired peasant heroine as magnificently as Ingrid Bergman does. Splendid in support of her are such notables as José Ferrer playing the weak French Dauphin; John Emery as her loyal friend the Duke of Alençon; J. Carrol Naish as John of Luxembourg; Francis L. Sullivan as the Bishop of Beauvais who condemns her to the stake; Ward Bond as her top general, La Hire; Gene Lockhart as the scheming French treasurer; Nicholas Joy, Cecil Kellaway, Selena Royle, George Zucco, and many others. All told, the cast numbers 4,000 persons, of which 248 have speaking parts.

The picture follows Joan's tragic story chronologically from 1428 when as a 16-year-old farm girl she hears heavenly voices that tell her that she is destined to save France from the English invaders. It follows through her victories, the Battle of Orléans, the colorful coronation of Charles VII at the Cathedral of Rheims, and ends in her betrayal, her trial as a heretic, and her death at the stake in Rouen in 1431. The picture was made by Sierra Productions and is being released through RKO. ■■

Joan of Arc kisses her sword as she dedicates herself to God.

She meets with her staff on the eve of the Battle of Orléans.

The Maid of Orléans is being led to fiery death at the stake.

FRAME-UP

A car was creeping alongside at the curb. A face was staring at us. It was the plump face of our former commanding officer, Bloody Roberts

reading time 32 minutes

by Samuel W. Taylor

SYNOPSIS

■ Lila Bowman—former Red Cross worker in England—and J. P. Clifford—ex-captain of ground crew—suddenly found themselves involved in the kidnaping of "Scootie" Roberts, small daughter of Colonel "Bloody" Roberts who, to gain promotion, had sent his bomber squadron out from England in '44 in weather that everyone knew meant death.

In Lovelock, Nevada, Cliff and Lila visited a gambling house where he won $25,000, which proved to be part of the ransom money. They rescued Scootie from Silvers, a motel proprietor whose son Hiram had been in one of the lost bombers. Silvers was afterward found with his neck broken; also Comet Kearns, another crew member.

Emmett, a Reno delicatessen-store owner, had discovered both bodies. Cliff and Lila were certain that Emmett had been the croupier in the Lovelock joint, and his wife, the hostess, though both had been disguised in Pioneer Day costumes, false mustaches and beards.

Lila decided to take Scootie to the Reno police. When she phoned Cliff, sometime later, he knew the kidnapers had her. Looking out the front window, he saw Al Farley, former co-pilot of Haley's Comet, one of the "lost" bombers. Going to the back, there was Candy Sweet, the navigator. They were guarding the house—and Cliff.

PART THREE

■ There being nothing else to do, I went to the coffee table and revised my note thusly:

1. Al Farley, Candy Sweet, Hiram Silvers, and Paul Reed are alive. Somehow.

2. Of the four, Paul Reed is the dominant personality. He is the leader.

3. They have good reason to want to get back both at me and Bloody Roberts. The kidnaping must be the device.

4. Which leaves two questions:

(*a*) Why is Lila involved?

(*b*) Where does Emmett fit?

I was considering this when someone began banging at a door.

Through the side blind I saw a panel truck in the driveway. It was a blue truck, the panel painted a bright new orange with RAPID RUG RENOVATORS lettered in red. A man was slapping the door of the Newman garage with his open hand. He was a tall man, lean, with an open countenance, and an air of the great outdoors.

He was Emmett.

"What in tarnation?" Emmett exclaimed roundly, and began slapping the door with both hands.

The plump woman with the sharp nose appeared from the house next door, dust mop in a hand. "Looking for someone?"

"Why, no, miss," Emmett said gallantly, and the middle-aged woman smirked. "I'm looking for a rug. Mr. Newman called in the day before he went on his vacation and arranged for the living-room rug to be renovated while he was gone. He left me the key, but it won't fit."

"Let me see it." The woman examined the garage key. "This doesn't look like the garage key. It's the front-door key. When the Newmans go out for an evening and leave the kiddies, they always give me the key, just in case. This is the front-door key."

"Well, now, miss, I sure do appreciate your help. I'll try it on the front door." And, having established himself with the neighbors, Emmett strode to the front door. I had prepared a reception. As the key slipped into the lock, I was crouched beside the door, clutching the edge of a small throw rug, ready to jerk it when he walked in.

"It fits all right, miss," Emmett said. He raised his voice: "Say, pardner! Could y'-all give me a hand?"

"Who, me?" Farley called. "Sure thing, mister."

Candy Sweet passed by the side window, coming around from the back. "Need any help, Mac?"

Emmett chuckled. "With three of us, nobody ought to strain their back." Then the key turned and the door came open quickly. The three men stood alert in the doorway, each with a hand in his pocket. I had moved beside the fireplace. Seeing me, they came in and shut the door.

"Well, hel-lo, Clifford," Candy Sweet said.

"Our old pal from the ETO," Farley said, and eased toward me poised and alert, the way a man approaches a skittish horse. "Shake hands, Clifford."

"Leave him alone, Farley," Emmett said.

"What's the matter, Emmett?" Candy Sweet said. "He cracked Comet's neck. And Silvers'. Why should we wear kid gloves?"

"Because Paul says so."

"We're in this as much as Paul is."

"There's no time for palaver. Clean the stuff off this rug."

Emmett grinned at me. "Sure nice to see you again, Clifford. We sure been a-lookin'. We sure have."

I said, "What's the deal?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Clifford, we don't like to see you cooped up here like this. Ain't good for a man. We want—"

The front door opened and the sharp-nosed woman from next door walked in. Over one arm she had a small Persian rug.

"I wonder if you could take this along while you're here," she said. "My little boy spilled glue on it. I didn't know it until the glue had dried, and now I don't—"

She stopped speaking as she saw me. Her mouth sagged open.

Emmett brought his hand from his pocket. He was holding a gun. "A yawp out of you will be the last," he told her. And to the others: "Never mind the rug. Get him out of here."

■ Farley took my wrist with an easy motion and twisted it behind my back. I had the feeling he could have torn the arm off with no effort at all. He hustled me outside and into the back of the truck. From the house I heard a muffled cry, then Emmett ran out and got behind the wheel.

"What did you do to the dame?" Farley asked as the truck snarled out the driveway.

"Just a love tap."

"Hey! Where's Candy?"

Emmett glanced backward into the rear of the truck, and jammed on the brakes. "Ain't he here with you? Where is he?"

"I'm not Candy's nurse!"

I heard running footsteps. "Hurry, you fool!" Emmett yelled.

The back of the truck swung open and Candy piled in, with Lila's hatbox. The truck roared away.

"You eight ball!" Farley cried.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

We waited by the door, evidently upon the pleasure of the man seated upon a settee. He was Paul Reed.

Candy grinned. "What's the matter, Alice? Scared?"

"Don't call me Alice."

Candy removed the lid of the hatbox and displayed the money inside. "Twenty-five thousand bucks for half a minute's work. So I'm an eight ball."

Farley took hold of Candy's wrist. Candy seemed to move of his own volition, his body swinging around, smashing the hatbox, making a turn, and coming up against Farley with the arm bent high behind the back. "If a half minute means all the difference, you're smart," Farley said.

"You've got the wrong arm," Candy said quietly. "My gun's in your belly. If my arm breaks, you'll get it."

Farley released him. Candy sat up and began straightening the hatbox. He said, "You're weak as a woman, Alice."

"Don't call me Alice."

"It's your name." Candy turned to me. "You saw his papers in the army. Alice Marie Farley. What a handle! Sweet Alice."

It seemed obvious the gang was not presenting a solid front. Comet had been killed; these two were on the verge of a clash.

Emmett stopped the truck in a thicket of willow near the river. Candy began changing the license plates. Farley got a bucket of water and went to work on the brightly painted panels. The orange and red washed off to reveal the original blue paint and the lettering: EMMETT FOOD SHOP.

Emmett took me aside. He kept a hand in his pocket. "For a canned-milk salesman, Mr. Clifford, you caused us plenty of grief."

Evidently my actions hadn't been as futile as I'd supposed. "And you're doing all right for a small-time storekeeper," I said.

Emmett chuckled. "Scratch a man, you never know what you'll find underneath. Now, you. We never figured you for a killer. Poor Silvers. Poor Comet."

"You know I didn't kill them. *You* know that."

He drew the gun from his pocket. "You killed them!"

"O.K.," I said. "Where did Silvers fit? He wasn't a crook."

Emmett shrugged. "A couple of the boys went to Lovelock one night and Silvers recognized them from some picture he had. Then it was either bring him in or shut him up."

"But he never knew Hiram was alive."

"What use would he have been if he'd known that?"

"Nice people," I said.

"It just didn't work out for him, pardner," Emmett said. "That's life. There's many the slip. Take us, for instance. We figured the case would be buttoned up last night, and here we are. That fool Roberts gave out the serial numbers of the ransom money. Then, like a brain-

less jackass, you went into the Last Chance and began playing the wheel with hot money."

"That's what threw the wrench in the gears, eh?"

"Temporarily, Mr. Clifford. Temporarily. If you'd got out of town with the money, as you should of done, you would have met some old friends from overseas you thought were dead. And when trouble came, why, these old friends would have helped you hide out."

"What kind of trouble?"

"The same trouble you're in now, Clifford."

"The deal was to involve me in the kidnaping in a way I couldn't possibly explain, eh?" I said. "Then I'd have to accept your so-called help whether I wanted to or not."

"That's still the deal," Emmett said, "though we had to do some mighty fast work for awhile. Originally, we figured for you and Lila to find the baby in Silvers' motel—in your cabin. Whether you left it there or took it with you, you'd be in the soup. About that time Comet Kearns would have popped up, and you would have listened to a story from him about a deep plot—and you'd of found out that the money was hot. At the right time, of course, Silvers would spill the beans to the cops and you'd find out from the radio how tight you were in the net. And you'd be right where we wanted you. Yep, a good plan," Emmett concluded. "But there's many a slip."

"Why were Comet and Silvers killed?" I asked.

"Clifford," he said flatly, "I won't warn you again about that. You killed them. Understand?"

"O.K. I killed them," I said. It was obvious that Emmett had arranged for and attended to the death of both men. Silvers, yes; but I couldn't understand why Emmett had killed one of his own gang, unless it was merely to increase his share of the loot.

"The plates are changed," Candy called from the truck.

"Don't get your pants in an uproar," Farley told him. "I'm getting the paint off the tires, where it run down."

"Take your time, Farley," Emmett said. "We don't want none of that paint left. Candy, you get yourself a rag and help him."

■ A few minutes later we started back toward town. Candy said, "Emmett, how about that neighbor woman who busted in?"

"She's all right. I only give her a love tap."

"I mean, does she know you? Has she ever been in your store?"

"No. She lives in the wrong part of town."

"She still might have dropped in for a can of something."

"Quit worrying."

"Oh, hell!" Candy said. "The picture!"

"What picture?"

"The picture in the paper—the one of you pointing to where Comet's body was found. She'll know you, Emmett!"

"She'll know you," Farley agreed. "If it had worked the way we figured, Newman would have found the Cad in his garage when he got back from vacation. Nobody would have remembered a guy coming for a rug. Nobody would connect it. But now she knows what you come for. She's seen that picture in the paper. She knows you!"

"I sure wish Paul was here," Emmett said uncertainly. "Paul would know what to do. Why'd she want to walk in with that rug, anyhow?"

"Pull up here," Candy said. "Stop. We're getting out!"

"Who is?"

"The three of us. If she recognized that picture in the paper, the cops will be sitting at your store waiting. We're getting out. This truck is hot!"

And then Emmett chuckled. He stopped the truck. Candy and Farley stuffed the money from the hatbox inside their jackets. They got out, me between them. "I'll handle it, boys," Emmett said. "Don't y'-all worry none."

"Don't get panicky," Candy said. "If she's already told the cops, and then something happens to her, it's your neck."

"Why the hell didn't you kill her when you had the chance?" Farley demanded.

"Don't y'-all worry your sweet little heads," Emmett said. "I'll make a Christian out of that woman." And he drove away.

As we walked along the streets, Candy seemed to enjoy it. Farley moved like a wild animal, wary and alert, one hand gripping the gun in his pocket.

"This does something to you," Candy said. "Tones the system."

"Oh, shut up," Farley snapped. "Walking along the public street, with everybody looking for this guy. You enjoy it a lot!"

"He's nervous. Alice Marie is nervous."

Farley's hand shot across our chests. "Look!"

■ A car was creeping alongside at the curb. A face was staring at us. It was the plump face of our former commanding officer, Bloody Roberts.

Farley's other hand twisted in his pocket. "Let me handle this," Candy said quickly. He waved in greeting, "Hi, colonel!" and crossed to the car.

Roberts stopped. He glanced up and down the street. Candy put his elbows on the open window and grinned. "Just get in town, colonel?"

"Driving around. Before dinner. Not much appetite lately," Roberts said jerkily.

"You're tense, colonel. You're nervous. What you ought to do is relax. Sip a glass of good wine."

"For God's sake," Roberts said hoarsely, "quit it, will you? I'm going crazy. Where's Scootie? Where's my baby?"

"Baby? What baby?"

"Don't you know who you're with?" Roberts pointed at me.

"Shut up," Candy said. "Pull yourself together. Remember your rank, colonel."

"All right, play with me. Have your fun. Just tell me what to do. I'm going crazy waiting."

"Why didn't you stay in your hotel room, as you were told?"

"I can't. I just can't sit. Can't you understand?"

"Get back to your room. Stay in that room, except for meals. Walk out to eat, and walk right back. Don't you want your kid?"

"Is Scootie all right?"

"She'll be all right as long as you are."

"What if I'm recognized? What if the police find I'm here under an assumed name?"

"That'll be your tough luck. Now, beat it."

Roberts drove away.

"He'll sing," Farley said. "He'll go straight to the cops."

"Calm those coffee nerves," Candy said. "This business has made a Christian out of Bloody Roberts. He'll do what he's told. Look at that sunset. That's what I missed in Europe, the sunsets."

It was twilight as we came to the corner and saw the sign of Emmett's little store midway down the block. We paused at a window, while Candy and Farley cautiously surveyed the street, then walked the half block and went in. Mrs. Emmett was behind the counter, waiting on a girl with a baby in her arms. We started for the curtained part in the rear.

"Can I help you?" Mrs. Emmett asked, with brittle brightness. We stopped. Candy said, "Boss in?"

"That husband of mine! Still out making deliveries. Some other men were here asking for him."

Candy and Farley exchanged glances. As we turned to the door a police car drew up in front. Farley whirled to the cigarette machine. Candy said to me, "How are you at pin ball?"

"Play you for a dollar," I said.

Mrs. Emmett counted out change for the girl with the baby. The girl *(Continued on page 55)*

Fishing through the Ice

Ice fishing, rapidly becoming a major winter sport, is not only fun—it's easy and inexpensive. An authority tells what you have to know and do

by Byron W. Dalrymple

■ In recent seasons the novel and exciting sport of fishing through the ice, which used to be followed by only a few old hands, has come into its own. From coast to coast, wherever ice freezes solid enough to bear an angler's weight, people have been pleasantly discovering that here is a winter pastime for the whole family—

FINE FILLERS,
Says Mr. T.

"Save some Christmas stocking space for those colorful Ticonderoga pencils with the striking green and yellow Plastips! From the smooth, rich leads to the sturdy 'locked-in' erasers, they're a gift of easy, friendly writing!
"For busy work days and happy holidays . . . choose
DIXON
Ticonderoga".

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J12, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Bluegills and walleyed pike attract a crowd over the shallows of

Spudding a hole for perch. Man has ideal garb for ice fishing.

a pastime that's both easy and inexpensive.

There are delicious smelt by thousands to be caught in New England coastal rivers, in Lake Champlain, in the bays of the Great Lakes. Yellow perch, bluegills, sunfish, black bass, pike, walleyed pike, crappies, calico bass—all bite well in winter and may be legally taken in most states from New England and New York clear across the country to Nebraska and the Dakotas.

In Maine you may fish in certain lakes for trout and even for landlocked salmon. In the Far West trout also may be caught. In Wyoming, and even in Washington, the ice fishing is excellent, with the ling, or freshwater cod, being the mainstay.

To become an ice fisherman the first things you need are a fishing license and a copy of your state fishing laws. If you have a summer license, in most states it will be valid until January 1, 1949. But you should check all season, species, and limit laws pertaining to fishing through the ice, for these differ from state to state.

Next, be sure you have warm clothing. You can make a windbreak by stapling a piece of canvas to several wooden stakes spaced a couple

Michigan's Houghton Lake. That's a windbreak at left. In background is a fishing shanty. Note chimney.

Ice fishing is something all ages can enjoy. Here a family in Maine turns out in quest of pickerel.

of feet apart. The stakes are set in the ice and are then frozen fast with water dipped from the fishing hole. Keeping one of the numerous little fuel-oil or gasoline stoves made for just such purposes beside you, you'll stay comfortable on the most blustery winter's day.

A fishing shanty, of course, gives you the utmost in comfort and convenience. Such a shanty need not be expensive. Inside it you have a floor with trap door to let down over the fishing hole when it isn't in use. This keeps the hole from freezing solidly. Besides your small coal or wood stove, you can have comfortable chairs and bunks along the walls.

With or without a shanty, your most important equipment will be an ice chisel or spud. These can be home-made, for the best is nothing but a five-foot length of three-quarter-inch steel pipe with a chisel-blade extension welded to one end. Tie a rope to the other end.

The best way to choose a fishing lake is to look for one on which ice fishing is already being done.

If you want to fish for bluegills, sunfish, perch, etc., you will usually find them in water 3 to 12 feet deep

(Continued on page 58)

YOUR SAFETY IS OUR

SAVE TIME • SAVE TROUBL

WINTER-SURE

WITH SLIPPERY ROADS, colder weather and more hours of darkness ahead, now is the time to Winter-Sure your car at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. There, you can have your tires inspected without cost or obligation by tire experts, by men who know tires best. If your tires are dangerously worn, you can have them repaired, retreaded or replaced . . . or you can put on a set of Firestone Polar Grips and save your present tires for next spring.

And that's not all! When you Winter-Sure your car at Firestone, you can have your brakes, battery, spark plugs, lights, horn and windshield wipers tested and repaired or replaced if necessary. You can change to the correct grade of lubricants, have your cooling system inspected and put in rust inhibitor, radiator seal, Firestone Frigitone permanent anti-freeze or long-lasting Firestone Super Anti-Freeze. And for your winter driving comfort there are heaters, robes, radios, defrosters, tire chains and many other items now on sale at attractive low prices.

Remember, your safety is our business. Make safety your business, too, by having your car Winter-Sured today at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

BUSINESS
SAVE MONEY • •
YOUR CAR AT
stone
Frost Shields
Firestone
Polar Grips
give you amazing
traction on slippery roads.
COMPLETE CAR SERVICE

Doris Day bites on Bob Hope's sandwich as eagerly as she does on his gags.

GREAT DAY

by Elizabeth Wilson

Doris Day, bright new star of screen and radio, believes everything usually turns out all right. Which it has—spectacularly so—for Doris Day

reading time 3 minutes

■ Three years ago, when Bob Hope was thinking about adding a girl singer to his radio program, agent Jimmy Saphier said to him, "Saw a canary with a band in the East. Name of Doris Day. She's terrific."

"Never heard of her," said Hope. And that was that.

Last spring Hope saw a preview of the movie, Romance on the High Seas. He rushed to his broadcast rehearsal bursting with enthusiasm. "Just saw a girl who's terrific," he said. "Name of Doris Day."

"I know her," said Les Brown, who batons the orchestra on the Hope program. "She used to sing with my band. She surely is terrific."

"Why doesn't someone tell me these things?" demanded Hope. Muttering "Same girl, same girl," Jimmy Saphier went home to welcome a bouncing baby ulcer.

When the new broadcast season began last September, Hope introduced his "great new star" on the Lever Brothers Swan Soap program. Thus 24- *(Continued on page 47)*

57 GIFTS . . .

Not just for the day, nor just for a week, but gifts carefully chosen to make Christmas really sparkle for your family and your home straight through 1949

LIGHTING COURTESY OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS

From your family to your family — for better living all through the year, with gifts to make your home more gracious and more comfortable

Liberty's stand-outs for gift-giving, well worth their price in good looks and efficiency

(1) Leather lamp, parchment shade, 23 inches high, several colors; Mario, $14.95. (2) Futurama upholstered chair; Selig, $29.95 to $39.95, depending on fabric. (3) Butler's tray-table with folding legs, several finishes; Salmanson, $7.95. (4) Hand-blown glass vase, 15 inches tall, seven colors; Blenko, $7.50. (5) Occasion-All drop-leaf table, adjustable to different heights, mahogany, walnut, or maple finish; West Branch Novelty, under $50. (6) Glazed pottery lamp, opaque shade, 33 inches high, gray, green, or persimmon; Bradley, $15. (7) Leather lamp, parchment shade, 24 inches high, several colors; Mario, $14.95. (8) Amber Ash cushioned chair, wheat finish; Ficks Reed, $59.70 to $63.70, depending on fabric. (9) Pyrex colored refrigerator-oven set, four dishes; Corning Glass, $2.95. (10) Menagerie and Circus ovenproof pottery: mug, $1.50; sandwich plates, $1 each; luncheon plates, $2.50 each; casserole, $3.50; serving dish, $6; Glidden. (11) Hand-blown crystal: decanter, $4.50, highball glass, $1.50; Blenko. (12) Step-Up six-piece children's silverware set; 1847 Rogers Bros., $6.75. (13) Sandwich

All prices are approximate.

grill, $17.95; waffle grids, $2.95; Westinghouse. (14) Christmas candles: striped spiral, 40 cents; choirboys, 75 cents each; 40-hour candle, $1.19; pine shorty, 59 cents; Will & Baumer. (15) More candles: rope twist, $1; Santa Claus, 35 cents each; winter figures, 3 for $1; Emkay. (16) Tin-lined copper au gratin dishes: 4¾-inch diameter, $2.25; 5½-inch, $2.65; 6⅜-inch, $3.75, all ppd.; Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. (17) Switch alarm to plug into radio; Telechron, $7.95 plus tax. (18) Barry electric alarm; Westclox, $4.95 plus tax. (19) Symphonette door chime, Rittenhouse, $5.95 to $7.95, depending on finish. (20) Automatic foot warmer; General Electric, $9.95. (21) Ekco carving set, steak and ham slicers and fork; Johnny Appleseed's, North Beverly, Mass., $7.95. (22) Hook-A-Rug Kit, 24 by 35 inches, various patterns; John Dritz, $6.95 plus worsted for background. (23) Hand-glazed ceramic lamp and shade, 18 inches high, several colors; Rosti, 343 E. 21st St., New York, N. Y., $22.50. (24) Household and hair dryer, providing hot or cold air; Knapp-Monarch, $14.95.

More gifts on pages 42, 43, and 44.

JOHNSON—SARRA

CHRISTMAS FOODS

by Beulah Karney

Christmas? The calendar says it's the 25th, but it really comes to each of us at a different moment

CHICKEN BATTER PUDDING*
(Mrs. Maude Hallmer)

- 1 stewing chicken
- 3 tablespoons onion, finely minced
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Simmer chicken in boiling water to cover (or cook in pressure cooker). Add salt, pepper, and onion. Cook until tender. Remove chicken from broth, strain broth and cool. Cut chicken from bones in small pieces.

*See recipe on page 45.

■ For me, Christmas begins when I decide I will have a sugar-plum tree of greenest balsam and load its branches with ginger-cookie dolls that look for all the world like the storybook characters they are made from by patterns traced years ago from our favorite fairy tales, and added to from year to year, like other ornaments. Only, these can be cut out and baked, then iced with a seven-minute frosting tinted all the colors of the rainbow. When children come to call, I'll say, "There's a cookie on the Christmas tree for you." And they'll smile back "Merry Christmas" with their eyes.

Excited as I always am at Christmas, I've planned a buffet party with the dessert first! It's designed to cut food costs, and not make too much dishwashing afterward.

The dessert is Patica (see recipe on page 45), a wonderful Czechoslovakian Christmas bread. I serve it with a hot spiced cranberry punch.

Now for that "main casserole." It takes only one chicken. It may look like chicken pie, but it's nothing of

(Continued on page 45)

HOT SPICED CRANBERRY PUNCH
(Mrs. Victoria Strong)

- 2 quarts cranberries
- 2 quarts water
- 2 to 3 sticks cinnamon (2-inch length)
- 1½ cups sugar
- 15 to 20 cloves
- 4 cups hot tea
- 1 lemon, sliced

Cook cranberries in water until skins pop open. Strain through cheesecloth over saucepan. Do not stir or squeeze. Add sugar, cinnamon, and cloves. Cook, stirring frequently, for 5 minutes. Add tea. Pour into bowl, add lemon slices, sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve in punch glasses with cake or cookies.

H. I. WILLIAMS

FROM LIBERTY'S HOME KITCHEN

WHITE CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

All measurements are level

1 pound cake flour, sifted
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 pound butter
1 pound granulated sugar
1 pound eggs (8 large or 10 small)
½ cup blended whiskey
2 teaspoons lemon extract
1 teaspoon rose extract
1 teaspoon almond extract
1 pound glacé pineapple
1 pound glacé cherries
1 pound citron
1 pound golden raisins
1 pound blanched almonds

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together three times. Cream butter until light and fluffy. Add sugar gradually and beat well. Separate egg whites and yolks. Beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored, add to mixture, and beat. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture, a little at a time. Add flour mixture and whiskey and the extracts alternately. Beat well after each addition until mixture is thoroughly blended. Beat egg whites until they stand up in peaks. Fold into mixture. Add fruit and slivered almonds, a little at a time, and stir into cake batter. Turn cake into pans prepared according to directions below.

FRUIT: Allow plenty of time to prepare the fruit—always a full day before mixing. Slice the fruit and almonds into slivers. Snip the raisins into bits with the kitchen shears.

PANS: Cut plain brown paper to fit the bottom and sides of pans. Grease paper lightly. Bake in angel-cake pan 10 by 4 inches or loaf pan 6 by 3 by 2 inches. Makes 1 large cake and a 3-pound cake.

BAKING: Bake in slow oven (250° F.) 4¾ hours if angel-cake pan is used, or 3 hours if loaf pan. Insert toothpick or cake tester in center of cake. If no soft dough clings, cake is baked.

STORAGE: Cool for 10 to 15 minutes. Remove from pan, remove paper and cool thoroughly. Wrap in cheesecloth moistened with brandy. Store in airtight container until ready to use. Decorate in any preferred fashion.

Toys — designed to entertain and educate your three-, six-, or nine-year-old. Toys — brighter, sturdier, more versatile than in many years

(25) Life-size rag doll; Ideal Novelty & Toy, $10. (26) Finger-painting set; Milton Bradley, $2. (27) Water color top; Bradley, $2.25. (28) 2-in-1 doll kit, ready to sew; John Dritz, $1.95. (29) Life-size rag doll; Ideal, $10. (30) Baby Coos doll and layette; Ideal, $6.98. (31) Toy telephone; Ideal, $1.19. (32) Kit of doll's hat forms and trimmings, ready to sew; Creative Playthings, 867 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y., or 7730 Forsythe Blvd., Clayton 5, Mo., $2.35 ppd. (33) Wooden train and track, 19 pieces; Creative Playthings, $5.25 ppd. (34) Counting blocks; Bradley, $2. (35) Fireman's red plastic helmet with headlight; Creative Playthings, $2.35 ppd. (36) Model plane kit, for assembly; Creative Playthings, $1.15 ppd. (37) Toy Town peg board; Bradley, $2. (38) Set of seven tin Indians, colored; Creative Playthings, $2.18 ppd. (39) Tricycle Tom; Creative Playthings, $1.45 ppd. (40) Dy Dee baby doll and kit; Effanbee, $10.95. (41) Hardwood building blocks, various shapes and sizes, sold individually; Creative Playthings, 7 to 48 cents each. (42) Ping-pong set; Parker Bros., $10.

All prices approximate except mail orders.

This fold-away table, supported by a sturdy drop-leaf base holds the new Lionel train for father and son.

And for boys of all ages, model railroad trains are favorites. Train on top shelf against wall, $59.50. Train sets range in price from $15.95 to $75. Accessories range from $2.50 (street lamp) to electromagnetic crane, $19.95. Cars are priced from $3.75 to $10. Track is sold by the section, from 25 to 30 cents. The table above can be made by a proud father. It's a fold-away type, with tracks permanently attached; swings down from the wall for instant use. When not in use, train sets are stored on shelves.

Reader Service Bulletins:

A ☐ 50 More Gift Suggestions . . . . . 3 cents

B ☐ How to Build a Folding Table and Cupboard for Electric Trains and Large Games . . . . . 3 cents

C ☐ How to Select Toys—Infants to Teen Age . . . . . 3 cents

D ☐ Model Railroading Landscaping . . . . . 10 cents

Liberty readers will want one or more of the December leaflets. Send this order blank to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. Enclose stamps.

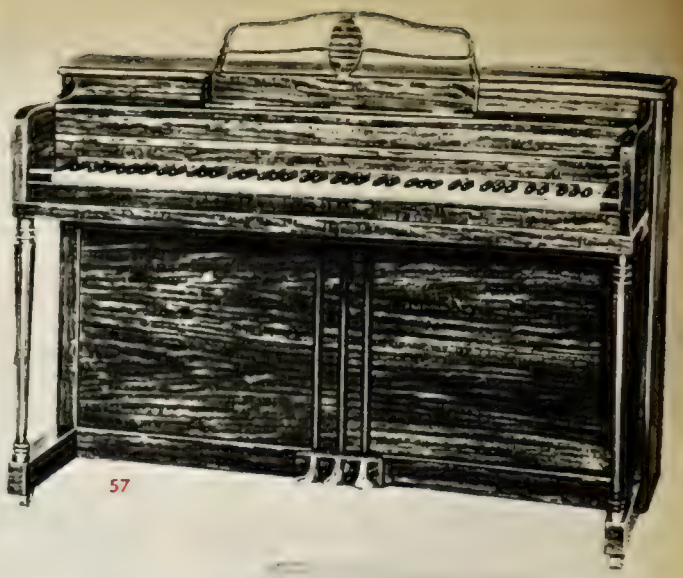
NAME . . . . . CITY . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . STATE . . . . . .

Music's a traditional part of Christmas — make your own or tune it in. Here are gifts to develop your family's talents, be they performing or listening

43

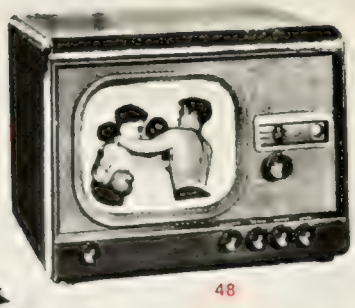
56


57

44

54

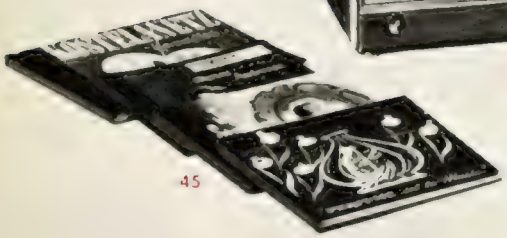
55


48

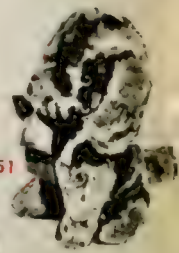
49

53

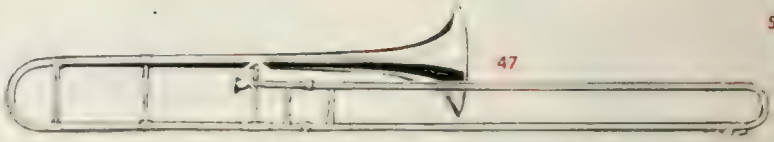
52


45

50


51

46


47

(43) Violin; G. Schirmer, Inc., New York and Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cleveland, Ohio; Los Angeles, Calif.; $35 and up, with bow and case. (44) Television receiver; Westinghouse, $319.95. (45) Records: Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, Rudolf Serkin with New York Philharmonic, long-playing microgroove record; Columbia, $4.85. Merry Christmas, Bing Crosby; Decca, $3.75. American Folk Songs, Jo Stafford; Capitol, $3.15. Harry Revel, Perfume Set to Music; RCA Victor, $3.75. (46) Wooden recorder; Schirmer, $12. (47) Trombone; Schirmer, $79.50 and up, with case. (48) "Spectator" television receiver, 12-inch tube, Crosley, $445. (49) Ukulele; Schirmer, $7.95 and up. (50) Ten-hole chromatic harmonica; Schirmer, $12. (51) Swiss music box in toy puppy; Schirmer, $5.95. (52) Automatic radio-phonograph; Admiral, $89.95. (53) Radio; Emerson, $29.95. (54) Record player for the long-playing records (fits any phonograph or radio); Philco, $29.95. (55) Accordion; Schirmer, $49.50 and up. (56) Automatic radio-phonograph; General Electric, $109.95. (57) Betsy Ross spinet piano; Lester, $655.

All prices are approximate.

Continued from Page 41

the kind. It's chicken *batter* pudding. With it should go a vegetable salad, say of green beans or broccoli, with sharp French dressing.

Just to show you how Christmas comes in a different way for everyone, we have collected 12 Heirloom recipes for you. Three of these prize winners are on pages 40 and 41.

(Send your name and address and ten cents to cover mailing costs. We'll send you 12 Heirloom Recipes.)

BATTER

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons double-action baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 quart milk
- 2 tablespoons melted shortening
- 1 tablespoon onion finely chopped

Sift and mix the dry ingredients, stir in well-beaten egg yolks and milk. Add shortening and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Grease a 3-quart casserole, place layer of chicken in bottom, sprinkle lightly with onion. Cover with 1 cup batter. Alternate layers of chicken and batter, with the last layer of batter. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven (350° to 375°F.).

GRAVY

- 2 cups chicken broth
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

Mix flour, seasonings, and water to smooth paste, slowly add boiling-hot chicken broth. Stir until well blended. Return to heat and cook until smooth and thickened. The batter forms its own crust on bottom, sides, and top.

PATICA

Czechoslovakian Christmas Bread

(Mrs. J. W. Hunfreville)

- 2 yeast cakes
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 pint warm buttermilk
- 7 cups all-purpose flour
- ½ cup soft butter or margarine
- 3 eggs
- 1 tablespoon salt

FILLING

Mix together

- 1 cup honey
- 1 beaten egg
- 1¼ cups finely chopped walnuts
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 cup sugar

Crumble yeast cakes in bowl. Add ¼ cup sugar. Pour buttermilk over yeast and let stand 10 minutes. Add 3 cups flour to mixture. Beat smooth, then let stand until light and bubbly. (This will take 20 to 30 minutes, depending upon temperature.) Beat in butter or margarine and remaining sugar. Add 3 eggs, remaining flour, and salt. Beat smooth. Set in warm place to rise. Cover with damp cloth or paper. (Rising will take from 1 to 1½ hours.) When light, punch down. Toss onto floured cloth. Roll very thin in one long strip about 6 inches wide. (You may have to double this on your table as it will be a strip some 6 to 8 feet in length.)

Spread strip with beaten egg and honey. Then sprinkle with half of chopped nuts and mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Roll lengthwise two or three times into rope. Press seam to hold filling in. Roll should be about 1½ inches in diameter. Grease tube pan with cold butter or margarine. Line pan with remaining finely chopped nuts so that outside of ring will be crusty when baked. Now coil dough round and round in pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) from 1 to 1¼ hours. Remove from pan at once. When cool, the ring can be iced and decorated with candied cherries, citron, almonds. Makes one large cake, size of regular angel-food pan.

HOLIDAY SPICE STRIPS

(Jane Ten Broeck)

- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1½ cups granulated sugar
- 3 eggs
- 3½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon powdered cloves
- 2 teaspoons powdered cinnamon
- 1 cup chopped unblanched almonds

TOPPING

- ½ cup granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon powdered cloves
- 2 tablespoons cream

Rinse raisins, drain and chop. Beat butter or margarine with sugar till creamy; add well-beaten eggs and beat. Sift flour with salt and spices and stir into creamed mixture. Add raisins and almonds and blend well.

Grease shallow cookie pans with butter or margarine. Spread batter about ¾ inch thick in pans. Blend topping and spread evenly over top of cookie dough. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.). Cut in strips and let cool in pans. Makes 4 to 5 dozen strips measuring 3 by 1 inches.

PERSIMMON FRUIT CAKE

(No Eggs — No Butter)

Sift together

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Add

- 2 cups strained persimmon pulp (2 pounds)

Mix

- Another ½ cup flour
- 1 cup walnuts
- 1 cup almonds
- 1 pound citron
- ½ pound lemon peel
- ½ pound orange peel
- 2 pounds raisins
- ½ pound cherries
- ½ pound candied pineapple

Add to batter and bake at 325°F. for an hour or more.

EGGLESS, BUTTERLESS FRUIT BARS

Part One

Cook until thick

- 1 cup dates (cut); prunes or figs can likewise be used
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ½ cup water

Add

- 1 tablespoon lemon juice and cool. Let stand aside.

Part Two

Sift together

- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 cup sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cut in

- ½ cup shortening until the mixture looks like coarse meal

Add

- 1½ cups rolled oats

Blend well and then add

- 3 tablespoons milk
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel

Pack one half of the Part Two mixture into well-greased 8-by-8-inch baking pan. Spread the fruit mixture (Part One) over this. Then spread the remaining Part Two mixture over this and bake at 350°F. for 40 minutes. Cool. Cut bars 1 inch by 2 inches. Makes about 32.

SWEDISH NUT WAFERS

Cream

- ¼ cup shortening
- ¾ cup sugar

Add

- 1 egg well beaten. Mix thoroughly

Add

- 2 tablespoons milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Add the following dry ingredients, which have been sifted together

- 1⅓ cups sifted cake flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking powder

Mix well, then spread on bottom of greased inverted bread or cake pan. Spread evenly with a cake knife or spatula. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon nut meats on top dough and press them gently into mixture, and mark in strips about ¾ inch wide. Bake for 12 minutes in slow oven (325°F.) or until just delicately brown on top. Cut in strips (marked) and lay immediately over rolling pin to shape. If strips become too brittle, return to oven and reheat to soften. Store in shallow box; serve on paper doilies. These make most unusual party cookies.

Jingle bells and toy Christmas trees make wrappings as important as the gift inside. It's in the true spirit of St. Nick to make the container a gift in itself

DECORATING FOR UNDER TEN DOLLARS . . .

1	mail basket	$1.00
	A. Leipzig, Inc.	
1	metal wastebasket	.49
4	metal canisters	.89
	National Can Company	
2	green paper trees at 20 cents each	.40
3	bell clusters at 10 cents each	.30
3	cellophane stockings at 10 cents each	.30
1	roll crumple tie	1.89
	House Products Corporation	
3	boxes tags at 10 cents each	.30
3	boxes stickers at 10 cents each	.30
10	packages tissue jackets at 10 cents each	1.00
2	packages coated solid-color paper at 25 cents each	.50
3	spools ribbonette at 15 cents each	.45
3	bolts ribbonette metal edge at 15 cents each	.45
3	spools satintone ribbonette at 15 cents each	.45
	Tie-Tie Products	
5	yards red satin ribbon at 10 cents each	.50
5	yards green satin ribbon at 10 cents each	.50
	Lucky Star Ribbons	
2	rolls red cellophane at 10 cents each	.20
	Du Pont; Dennison	
		$9.92

GREAT DAY

Continued from Page 36

year-old Doris Day, a Cincinnati girl who was too poor to finish high school, was well on her way to being the best-known thrush on the air.

As a kid and when the going got tough, Doris used to say, "Why worry? Everything will come out all right." And so it has. The last couple of years have been heady ones for Doris. In 1947 director-producer Michael Curtiz signed her on a long-term contract and gave her the lead in her first film, Romance on the High Seas. Although her second film, My Dream Is Yours, has not been released, in September the Motion Picture Herald listed her as one of the ten "stars of tomorrow" as chosen by the nation's exhibitors.

Doris is at work now on Two Guys and a Gal at Warner Brothers and, with pictures, radio, and recordings, more money is rolling in than she ever dreamed of.

Doris Day was born Doris Kappelhoff in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her mother took in sewing to pay for her daughter's dancing lessons, and by the time Doris was 12 she was dancing in a Fanchon and Marco stage unit.

A train hit the car Doris was riding in with a bunch of youngsters. Doris' right leg was broken in two places. That finished her career as a dancer. Grace Raine gave her voice lessons, mostly on the cuff. She suggested that Doris sing on a local Cincinnati radio show for free in order to gain poise and technique. Doris won quick recognition with her vocalizing of Day After Day.

She received a call from Barney Rapp, a band leader with his own club in Cincinnati. He told her "Kappelhoff was no name for a canary.

"Day After Day is your specialty," he said. "So your name is Doris Day."

■ Next she sang with Bob Crosby's band in Chicago, and later moved over to Les Brown's. She fell in love with the trombonist, Al Jordan, in Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, married him, and had a baby whom she named Terry. A year later she and Jordan were divorced. Les Brown called her to rejoin his band. Doris left the baby with her mother, and with Les Brown she sang Sentimental Journey into the big-hit class. Then Doris fell in love with another musician, this time a saxophone player, George Weidler. They were married, and went to Hollywood. Later they separated.

One day her agent, Al Levy, took her out to Warner Brothers for a conference with Mike Curtiz, who had recently formed his own producing company and wanted a potential star. Curtiz gave her a screen test, and a contract. After the preview of Romance on the High Seas, Hollywood assured Doris Day that she had arrived.

On a personal-appearance trip recently she ran into George Weidler. They patched things up and they are going to take up married life again. "See?" she says. "Everything comes out all right!" ■■

THRIFTY, SAVORY HEINZ DISH
Ready in 20 Minutes
Split Frankfurters and Spaghetti
HEINZ
COOKED SPAGHETTI
IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY H.J. HEINZ COMPANY
Split 8 good-sized frankfurters lengthwise and steam them. Meanwhile heat the contents of a tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. Place heaping spoonfuls of spaghetti on steamed frankfurters and serve while hot. (Makes 4 helpings.) You'll discover that this is a mighty economical well-balanced lunch or supper dish!
You know it's good because it's HEINZ
57
HEINZ Cooked SPAGHETTI
Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is luscious as is—does memorable things to leftovers! Heinz chefs make their own delicious spaghetti, drench it in "Aristocrat" tomato sauce. For a marvelous supper, how about Heinz Cooked Spaghetti?

LIBERTY SHOPS FOR THE FAMILY

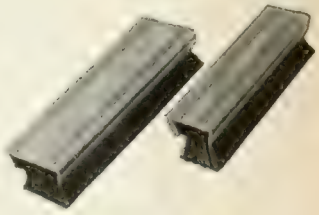
■ *We've been pursuing Christmas gifts this month, exactly-right gifts for some of those worrisome questions on your list—particularly that "problem" man and your super-grandchild*

The homemaker who sews—beginner or expert—will constantly depend on this set of fine Wiss cutting shears. Compact leather case. Singer sewing centers and department stores, $7.50.

For his desk, a safety electric lighter in silver-tone finish. Goes on when tipped slightly; but goes out if knocked over. Bar Mart, 62 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y., $1.98 ppd.

Maybe your son will take over family shoeshining chores if he can stow his professional equipment away in a wooden bucket with rubber footrest. Department stores, $1.98.

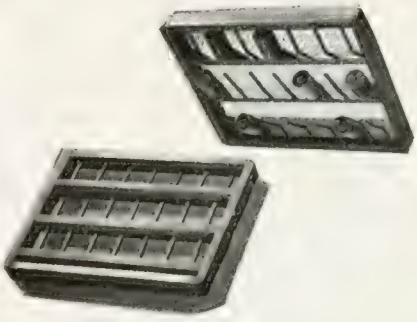
For the fastidious: Handsome brushes of lustrous, nontarnishing Kensington metal with Chungking bristles. Department and gift stores. The Clothesmaster, $3; the Hatmaster, $2.



For sports fans take the backache out of baseball or fishing with a canvas seat which clamps over any bench board. Folds to small roll. Red, green, or blue. Department or hardware stores, $2.25.

Need this Howe folding table for entertaining and daily family convenience? Finished in mahogany, or red or black with gold stripes. Height, 19 inches; 15-by-18-inch top. Department and gift stores, $10.95.

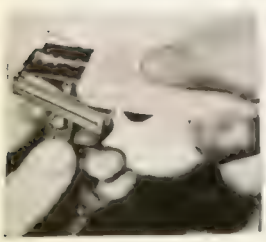
Even sewers whose talents are just mending want this rack which opens to offer a quick choice of thread. Closed, spools are locked in. Maple or walnut finish. Hobar Co., 208 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., $1 ppd.



You'll encourage better mealtime habits if you give your favorite youngster these sturdy plastic Hemcoware dishes in pink or blue. Department stores, 4 pieces, $1.

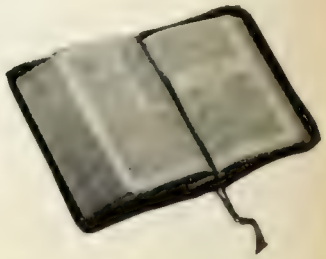
Neighborhood children as well as your own brood can all enjoy this Parker board game, Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, during their quieter moments. Department and toy stores, $3.

Nighttime drivers will be grateful for a red-glowing Winchester flashlight, for added safety when making repairs on the road after dark. Hardware stores, $1.65, with batteries.



More efficient shaving for all you men: A Gillette Aristocrat one-piece razor and quick-change blade dispenser, in neat case. Drug, department stores, $3.79.

Christmas is definitely the time to give your child his own Bible. Here's one with colored pictures and maps, gilt edges, and a leather cover. Bookstores, $4.75.



All prices approximate, except mail orders.

THE MAGIC OF BELIEVING

Continued from Page 19

doesn't make an enemy now and then. Fortunate is he who is able to make a friend of that enemy—and it's so easily done. Several men who had taken a violent dislike to me, perhaps because of something I may have said in an unguarded moment, and would have liked figuratively to cut my throat, have become my staunchest friends merely by my thinking and believing that they were really friendly people.

An executive who had taken a dislike to me for something I said critically about the operations of his company, was for months profanely "knocking me" at every opportunity. Naturally, my first impulse was to fight back and "knock" him in return. But the day came when I realized that his enmity had resulted from something I had said about *him* rather than the company, and I said to myself: "He's not a bad guy. I'm wrong. I started the feud, and I'm sorry. The next time I get near him I am going to tell him that mentally." One night I met him in a club of which we were both members. He would have avoided me, but we met nearly face to face, and I spoke first, saying, "How are you, Charlie?" He immediately responded and in the friendliest manner. Today we're the closest of friends.

"And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," says the Bible. As a matter of fact, many successful men and women, irrespective of any motive that may actuate them, work on the assumption that when they do something for the other person, something will be done for them. That may sound rather calculating, but the basic law of reciprocity remains. There must be a logical effect from every cause.

It isn't a matter of bootlicking when you try to please the boss. It's just common sense to make him a friend, for in any organization the people who get ahead are those who do their work well and try to please the boss. The boss is the man who does the promoting, and the more he is pleased with you and your work, the faster is your own progress.

■ A person who desires riches must go where riches are. Alone on a desert island, a man would probably have a tough time eking out an existence, to say nothing of trying to amass a fortune. So it is in everyday pursuits. The truth is that if it is money you are after, you must go where it is and where it is being spent, and also you must become personally acquainted with those who have the authority to spend it. If you are a salesman selling advertising and you know the head of the firm is the man with the final say, it's a waste of time trying to convince minor clerks and junior executives. The same holds true if you are trying to sell other commodities, or, what is more important, trying to sell yourself.

"If you work for a man, for goodness' sake work for him," said Elbert Hubbard, which brings me to a failing of many people with whom I have worked over a period of years—lack of interest in their jobs. They make no effort to learn anything outside the small sphere in which their jobs place them. Once I made a wager with the executive of a large concern whose name was frequently in the newspapers that I could find at least twenty people in his own local organization who had never heard of him, to say nothing of the position he occupied. He was nettled when he got the proof. Not only did he lose the bet, but his pride was hurt. Curiosity prompted me to check with other organizations that were nationwide in their operations, and not a single employee could tell me the name of the head of the company or the street address of its main office.

The job you now hold is the steppingstone to the job above. How much do you know about it before you start moving toward it—just how much do you know about your company and its policies both inside and out? Many firms carry group insurance for their employees, with the employees paying a small part of the premiums. How many employees have ever read their policies? Few do, and, further, few know anything about their social security rights or what the various amounts taken from their pay-roll checks actually represent.

■ For several years I was interested in a celery farm. Prior to the interning of many Japanese during the war, my renter was always complaining that he could not compete with the Japanese and gave this as an excuse for his inability to fulfill his rent contracts. Intuitively, the Japanese knew the value of proper packaging. Their celery would be thoroughly washed, placed in new crates, and frequently, if sold in the form of hearts, would be attractively wrapped in paper carrying a boastful little message about the quality of the celery. My renter, a slovenly fellow, never, in my memory, washed a single bunch of celery. He placed it in second-hand crates and then he complained that his Japanese competitors were getting all the business.

Consider this matter of packaging in connection with yourself. Do you have eye-appeal? Do you wear clothes to give yourself the best appearance? Do you know the effect of colors and study those which best suit your form and temperament? Does your whole appearance set you apart from many who pass unnoticed in the crowd? If not, give thoughtful attention to personal packaging, for the world accepts you as you appear to be. Take a tip from the automobile manufacturers, the Hollywood make-up artists, or any of the great show producers, who know the value of eye-appeal and package their goods accordingly. When you have a combination of proper packaging and highest quality goods within the package, you have an unbeatable combination. The *you* within can do the same thing for the *you* outside—

CLOPAY
DE LUXE SHADES
FROM 55c

The latest luxury-look in window shades—the new Clopay De Luxe. Ribbed for that velvety-rich "corduroy" effect. Soap and water cleans them easy. Straight hanging, smooth rolling. On Plasti-Fibre rollers, about 20c extra. Off rollers, from 55c.

Remember
IT WILL PAY
TO SAY CLOPAY

CLOPAY

CLOPAY SQUARE, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO

At your favorite variety, department or neighborhood store
Some prices slightly higher Denver and West

and you, too, have the unbeatable combination.

The head of a huge automobile distributing agency told me that he was frequently called upon to close a sale with wealthy men who always bought the most expensive cars. "Not only do I take a shower," he said, "and change all my clothes, but I go to a barbershop and get everything from a shave to a shampoo and manicure. Obviously, it has something to do with my appearance, but further than that it does something to me inside. It makes me feel like a new man who could lick his weight in wildcats."

■ The vibrations set up by others affect us much more than we realize, for we take on the characteristics of those with whom we are more or less constantly associated. A negative person can raise havoc in an organization or a home. When a strong negative personality and a positive personality are pitted against one another, the negative frequently becomes the more powerful.

An extremely nervous person in a position of authority can put nearly every person associated with him into a nervous state. An organization is only the extended shadow of the man who heads it. Thus, to have a smoothly running organization, all its members must be attuned to the thinking of the principal executive. A strong negative personality in such an organization, who is out of tune with the ideas of the management, can extend his negative vibrations to others and do great damage, just as one rotten apple in a box will soon cause all the others to rot. If you would remain a positive type, avoid associating too much with anyone who has a negative or pessimistic personality.

Remember your varying feelings upon entering different offices or homes. The atmosphere, which is the creation of the people habitually frequenting the office or home, can be instantly detected as being upsetting, disturbing, tranquil, or harmonious. The arrangement of the furniture, the color scheme, the very walls themselves, all vibrate to the thinking of the persons occupying the place, and bespeak the type to which their thoughts belong. Whether the home be a mansion or a shack, the vibrations are always a key to the personality of those who occupy it.

Are you afraid to take on responsibilities, afraid to make decisions, afraid to step out alone? Most people are—that's why there are so few leaders and so many followers. If you are confronted with a problem, the longer you put if off, the greater it becomes and the more fearful you become of your ability to solve it. Therefore, learn to make decisions, because in not deciding you fail to act, and in failing to act you invite failure. Experience will soon teach you that once a decision is made, the problems and troubles begin to disappear. Even though the decision you make may not be the best one, the mere deciding gives you strength and raises your morale.

It's the fear of doing the wrong thing that attracts the wrong thing. Decide and act, and the chances are that your troubles will fade into thin air—whether you make a mistake or not. All great men are men of quick decision which flows from their intuition, their accumulated knowledge, and previous experience.

The writer makes no claim to being a faith-healer, but anyone who knows anything about the power of mind knows of the effects that emotionalized thinking has upon the condition of the body. It has long been known that the emotions developed by fear, hate, and worry can lead to many bodily ills, even to fatal illnesses, although there are still some members of the medical profession who refuse to acknowledge this fact.

Those who understand the science of psychotherapeutics are fairly well agreed that a cure does not come through treatment on the part of the healer nearly so much as it does from the patient himself. In other words, the suggestion, no matter in what form it is given by the healer (whether in accordance with the principles of psychotherapeutics or in conjunction with some special religious belief), is in turn transmitted by autosuggestion to the patient's own subconscious mind where it becomes effective. The writer realizes that the following statement may invite criticism, but the fact remains that if a patient refuses to believe in the suggestive appeals of the healer, the purpose is never accomplished. The two, the healer and the patient, have to be *en rapport* to get results, and it is the writer's theory that any person who possesses an understanding of the use of the power of suggestion could get the same results without the aid of a healer, provided he were sufficiently strong and constant in his own convictions and suggestions.

In recent years there has been a renewed interest in telepathy or thought-transference, arising out of the experiments and investigations carried on in many colleges and universities, particularly those conducted under the direction of Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University. In his book on extrasensory perception Dr. Rhine declares that satisfactory results were secured when the experimenters caught the "spirit of the thing," and that the ability to transmit and receive became weakened when the original novelty wore off. In other words, while there was enthusiasm there was spontaneous interest and the belief that it could be done.

■ Many horse and dog fanciers, especially those who have kept horses and dogs as pets over a long period of years, stoutly maintain the existence of telepathy between the animals and themselves, and there have been countless stories told regarding telepathic phenomena among primitive people in all parts of the world.

Long years ago a business executive told me that he got rid of people who were taking up his time by simply repeating mentally to his visitor: "It's time for you to go, leave now, leave now." The visitor would shortly get fidgety, look at his watch or get up from his chair, reach for his hat, and soon be on his way out.

You can get the same results when visitors overstay their time in your home. When you feel it is time for them to go, simply say to yourself, "Go home now, go home now, go home now," and you will find that they glance around the room looking for the clock and say, "Guess it's about time we were leaving."

I recognize that some skeptics will say that telepathy has nothing to do with this, that your facial expressions, your bodily movements, signs of nervousness or weariness are what warn the visitor that it is time for him to leave. However, experiment for yourself; but take care that you give the visitor no outward sign, either by word or facial expression, that it is time for his departure. You will find that there are times, especially if the visitor is intent upon putting over a point or winning an argument, that this procedure will not work. But the moment there is a lull in the conversation, try it and the results will astonish you.

■ As ideas for this book occurred to me, I frequently thought of the many famous women who had used the power of belief. Then when I read an article by a woman complaining that American women "don't get a break," it dawned on me that if women of today "don't get a break," it is the fault of no one but themselves. The only thing they have to do is to follow the examples of their sisters who have preceded them and have made their own "breaks." As a matter of fact, even today American women are potentially in a position to have things pretty much their own way. Statistics prepared shortly before World War II showed that of the country's total wealth of approximately 300 billion dollars, about 70 per cent, or the huge sum of 210 billions, was in the possession of women.

During the war we had women welders, women riveters, the Wacs, Waves, and Spars, and they all had a taste of actually performing tasks heretofore handled only by men. To thousands of single girls and housewives who had never had an opportunity to do anything outside the home, those experiences should have pointed out their own potential opportunities for taking a more active part in the work of this world.

One writer has said that the vast majority of American men do not believe that women are ever their equals. But when we stop to examine the record, the list of women who have achieved success in every line of endeavor is an impressive one.

There are many women who have remained single simply because they feel deeply about marriage and are not willing to marry "just any man." But surely if this science of creative thinking can work for men, it can also work for women. If a single woman could visualize the kind of man she wanted and steadfastly held to the thought, in accordance with the principles of this science, she could bring the object of her mental picture into her presence. This may

sound silly to some of my women readers, but it has been my good fortune to have given this science to many women who have used it most effectively.

It is perhaps superfluous for me to call women's attention to the importance and advantage of using their subconscious mind, for they have always used it. As a matter of fact, they are experts in the use of it—only they have always thought of it as woman's intuition. My point is that the subconscious is much more than intuition and that it possesses great forces which can be set in motion for the benefit not only of men but of women also, through the application of the power of dynamic believing.

Now the women of modern times have a twofold mental advantage: to their subconscious mind the skilled use of which is characteristic of their sex and which has been highly developed and been their unconscious, though intuitive, guide through the ages, there has been added their conscious mind which has been specially developed by the scientific method of modern education. In my opinion, it is this combination which accounts for the speed with which women have acquired such rapid proficiency in so many of the so-called masculine subjects; and it is largely responsible not only for women's emerging from the traditional life within the home, but also for their entrance into the world where their view of people and practical affairs is broadened, made more objective and more understanding. Furthermore, it enables women in the home to have a better comprehension of the work of their men, as well as a deeper interest in the school studies and future lifework of their children.

Always remember that the subconscious mind, in addition to being the seat of intuition, is a repository of great power and has inexhaustible resources. The more you call upon these resources, the more there are placed at your disposal. Remember also: the subconscious is ageless; it can never grow old or tired, and you can draw upon it all your life. The only thing you need is the power of believing—sincerely, strongly, and completely; once the subconscious has received your message and understands your desires and ambitions, it will be only a short time when your desire will be fulfilled and your ambition achieved. The magic which comes from believing is real, for it has been demonstrated in the lives of some of the most successful. It can be demonstrated in your life—by your own personal believing.

■ In 1944 a magazine had a story about a group of scientists in Chicago who were experimenting with moths. A female moth of rare species was placed in a room, and four miles away a male moth of the same species was released. In a few hours the male moth was found beating its wings against the window of the room in which the female was confined. The editor declared that he believed that this experiment showed that ideas fly with the sureness with

Are you in the know?

When giving a party, which is important?

☐ *Fancy refreshments* ☐ *Banishing the family* ☐ *Keeping the guests busy*

Good hostessing doesn't take caterer's chow . . . or shooing Mom to the movies. *Plan* the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree; anything to keep them *busy*. And should your calendar suddenly betray you, turn to Kotex, for comfort. For *softness* that *holds its shape*. Be carefree with the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And the bend-as-you-please freedom that's yours with the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Adjustable; all-elastic!

If your back's blemished, what's best?

☐ *A white hanky*
☐ *A rain check*
☐ *A stole*

Stoles are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hickeys! And you can't "un-date" at zero hour. To cover back break-outs, start days ahead with antiseptic—plus white hanky, pinned to shoulderstraps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goo" works while you grind! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines. Kotex and those *flat pressed ends prevent* outlines; protect you from the slightest whisper! Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex.

What's the jinx in this jalopy?

☐ *The cuddle couple*
☐ *The boogie blast*
☐ *Four's a crowd*

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all three answers above.) First, the car's crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds *more* distraction. Anyway, how can a highway romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that's why they choose Kotex . . . because the exclusive *safety center* of Kotex means *extra* protection. Extra confidence!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

When you Take a Trip take heed take

TUMS

To travel in comfort, travel with Tums! Then, if strange food, fast eating, smoking or hurry brings on acid indigestion, slip Tums in your mouth. Almost instantly, Tums neutralize the excess acid—you feel better fast! No baking soda (bicarbonate) in Tums. No danger of over-alkalizing! No acid rebound! Get Tums today.

Night and day, at home or away, always carry TUMS FOR THE TUMMY!

To feel better, try one or two TUMS after breakfast.

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

NR TUMS are antacid, not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, all-vegetable NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25-cent box today.

LAW STUDY AT HOME for Business Success and LARGER PERSONAL EARNINGS. 39 years expert instruction — over 114,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All text material furnished. Easy payment plan. Send for FREE BOOK — "Law and Executive Guidance"—NOW!

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 96-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois

LEARN AT HOME TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates.

HIGH SCHOOL NOT REQUIRED

50th year. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men, women, 18 to 60. Easy tuition payments. Trial plan.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 3712, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____
City_____ State_____ Age_____

E & J Folding WHEEL CHAIRS

LIGHTEST and STRONGEST

FOLDS TO 10 INCHES

Ideal for TRAVEL, WORK, PLAY
Lightweight...Beautifully Designed Chromium Plated

EVEREST & JENNINGS Dept. 1
7748 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles 46, California

which the female moth communicated her whereabouts across incredible barriers to the one mind for which they are originally intended.

Here is a simple experiment that will make you wonder whether the birds don't possess telepathic or clairvoyant power. In the off-season, put some scraps of bread in the backyard. There isn't a bird in sight. But hardly have you entered the house before birds begin to congregate. Put out anything but food and not a bird appears. What brings them to your yard? How do they know the bread is food for them? Science can give no answers.

It's interesting to note that during the last war our Army Signal Corps, in experimenting with carrier pigeons and short-wave radio, found that the pigeons were affected by the radio waves and often, when confused, flew in circles and were lost.

When we consider that the swallows of San Juan Capistrano, California, fly away each October 23 and return each March 19 with unfailing punctuality; that tagged salmon released from Columbia River points spend four years in the Pacific Ocean, then consistently return to the spot from which they departed; that cats and dogs taken many miles from their homes have returned; that wild ducks and geese wing their way back to their original localities; that there are other inexplicable things too numerous to mention here—are we not faced with the fact that there are wave radiations and telepathic forces also operating in the fish, bird, and animal kingdoms, in fact in everything around us?

I have long had the conviction that various forms of telepathy or thought-transmission are used every day of our lives, far more than most people suspect. I believe that many great leaders, preachers, orators, executives, and so-called super-salesmen, some unconsciously and others thoroughly conscious of its workings, exercise the power to varying degrees. We meet a person, and before a word is spoken we experience a like or dislike. What is it that causes the feeling to register but some form of thought-transmission?

■ A successful book saleswoman told me that if she was satisfied that a customer had the money and really wanted to purchase a book, but was hesitating between two choices, she would keep repeating to herself, but directing her thought to the customer, the title of the one best suited to that customer. She added that many of her sales were made by thought-directive power. An automobile executive told me that when he had a prospect who had the money to purchase, he always said to himself, "You're going to buy this car, you're going to buy this car"—and the prospect did.

I am aware that few people like to believe that they are influenced by the silent thoughts of others when it comes to a matter of purchasing anything or doing something, but the fact remains that all of us are subject to this subtle influence, be it telepathy or anything else you want to call it. The fact remains, too, that this invisible power exists, and a little experimenting on your part will convince you that it is both formidable and active.

I am certain that mothers use it on their children and often children use it on their parents. Not infrequently husbands and wives use it on one another without the knowledge of either one. This is especially true where a man and wife are closely attuned to one another.

One of the most striking examples of this subtle influence in action came to my attention several years ago. The president of a company that I had been helping was dissatisfied with his sales manager, but because of many years of service did not wish to discharge him. "I was at my wits' end," he told me, "when I suddenly got the idea that I could suggest to him mentally that he ought to resign his job and become a salesman instead of remaining as manager. I thought about it for hours one night, but I nearly fell off my chair when the first thing next morning he came into my office, saying that he would like to resign as manager as he felt that he could make more money by getting out on the street as a salesman. I don't know whether I was guilty of using some sort of magic, but my conscience is clear, because the man today is making twice as much money as he did when sales manager and he's much happier, and we're all going to town."

■ Some people have had the experience of walking into a darkened room and feeling the presence of someone there, even before a word was uttered. Certainly, it couldn't have been anything else but the vibrations of some unseen individual that indicated his presence to the other person. Evidence of telepathy? What do *you* think? It is maintained that if the first person in the room will, at the entry of the second person, think of something entirely foreign to himself and dismiss from his mind all thought of the possibility of his discovery, the second person will not sense his presence.

There are thousands of people who have thought of someone, only to hear from them or see them shortly thereafter, and they have given no heed to the phenomena involved. These experiences are usually considered coincidences; but when we properly consider the power of thought, do we not have the real explanation? I cannot help but feel that anyone with an open mind and willing to read and experiment for himself, will sooner or later come to the conclusion that the phenomena of psychokinesis and telepathy are realities, and, as investigators have pointed out, that these powers are latent in everyone, though developed to varying degrees.

Here is a simple experiment that may be carried on by only three people. Cut five colored slips of paper from a magazine, each about half an inch wide and three inches long. The more vivid the colors, such as bright red or electric blue, the better, but be sure to have them quite distinct

from one another. One person should then place them fan-wise between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, as you would hold a hand of cards. Let either of the other two people touch any one of the colored slips without being seen by the third person. Immediately after this the first person, who holds the slips, concentrates his mind on the colored slip selected, with a view of communicating the information to the mind of the third person who is then requested to indicate which slip was touched by the second person.

It should be made clear to the third person that his decision must be immediate and spontaneous, and that his mind should either be blank or thinking of something entirely remote from the experiment. That is, he should not attempt to guess, deliberate, or try consciously to think of the color of the slip selected, but should act immediately upon the first mental impulse he receives. The number of times the third person will name the colored slip selected by the second person will astound you. With a little practice, people—who are more or less *en rapport*, such as husband and wife, the husband holding the slips and the wife acting as the third person after some second person has previously indicated a choice—will make an even higher score of successes. I have seen this done twenty to thirty times without a single miss. Here again belief must come into play. The holder of the slips must possess not alone the ability to maintain an unwavering concentration, but the strong belief that he can transmit the image of the color to the mind of the third person.

This experiment should never be attempted in the presence of scoffers or those who profess a disbelief in psychic phenomena, for, with their negative thoughts, they may confuse and obstruct the flow of your own.

■ Power through belief can be developed and take you up the ladder as far as you wish to go. It is necessary, though, to point out that it is easy to lose one's belief or faith. Thousands have risen to great heights of success, only to stumble, roll, or fall to undreamed-of depths. Others, seeking health, have appeared to be more or less miraculously cured, only to find that in later years or even months there is a recurrence of their ailments. There are many weakening factors and influences which we, in unguarded moments, allow to slip into our subconscious minds, and which, once there, begin their destructive work and undo all the good accomplished by our constructive forces. So step out in front, head toward the sun. Keep facing it and the dark shadows will not cross your path.

Just believe that there is genuine creative magic in believing—and magic there will be, for belief will supply the power which will enable you to succeed in everything you undertake. Back your belief with a resolute will and you become unconquerable—a master of men among men—*yourself*. ■ ■

MASQUERADE HOLDS MORE THAN ONE SURPRISE
WHAT'S THIS?
YOU HEARD ME! PEEL OFF THAT COSTUME!
WHILE MOST OF THE GUESTS OF LORIMER DAVIES, WEALTHY MANUFACTURER, ARE ENJOYING HIS MASQUERADE PARTY, "CAPTAIN KIDD" SEEMS TO HAVE ENCOUNTERED TROUBLE...
WHERE'D YOU GO, LEFTY? THE BOYS'LL HAVE THE CAR AT THE GATE IN 10 MINUTES. WE'VE GOTTA WORK FAST
OKAY. LETS GO
15 MINUTES LATER
LINE UP, FOLKS! THIS IS A HOLDUP! COVER THE DOOR, LEFTY!
I'M COVERING YOU, CLOWN! DROP THAT GUN!
WE'VE GOT THE OTHERS, LIEUTENANT. HERE ARE THE CLOTHES YOU LEFT OUTSIDE
GOOD! TAKE THIS BIRD ALONG. I'LL BE DOWN AFTER I CHANGE
BUT, DAD, HOW...?
LIEUTENANT ROGER'S STORY CAN WAIT 'TILL HE SHEDS THAT COSTUME. FOLLOW ME, "CAPTAIN KIDD"
HERE'S THE CURE FOR YOUR WHISKERS
THANKS, MR. DAVIES
WHAT A SWELL BLADE! TWO DAYS STUBBLE GONE LIKE MAGIC!
THIN GILLETTES HAND OUT QUICK, EASY SHAVES EVERY TIME
I KNEW LEFTY WAS COMING AS "CAPTAIN KIDD", BUT I COULDN'T IDENTIFY HIS PAL, SO...
GREAT WORK!
JUST THE CHAP TO HEAD UP OUR ATOMIC SECURITY FORCE
M-M-M- HANDSOME
YOU ENJOY SMOOTHER, BETTER-LOOKING SHAVES AT A REAL SAVING WITH THIN GILLETTES. NO OTHER LOW-PRICED BLADES APPROACH THEM FOR KEENNESS AND LONG LIFE. THIN GILLETTES ARE MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T"... PROTECT YOU FROM THE SCRAPE AND IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES IN THE CONVENIENT NEW 10-BLADE PACKAGE
THIN Gillette BLADES
10-25¢
4-10¢
NEW TEN-BLADE PACKAGE HAS COMPARTMENT FOR USED BLADES

LIBERTY'S Home Editors select 57 GIFTS for your CHRISTMAS SHOPPING LIST *see page 37*

ACCOUNTANT
BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A's earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A's examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A's. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 1231-H Chicago 5, Ill.

BE A REAL ESTATE BROKER
PAYS BIG! EASY TO LEARN—Start and run your own business *quickly*. Many graduates report making up to $1000 a month. Course of study covers *Sales, Property Management, Appraising, Loans, Mortgages* and hundreds of related subjects. Course in home study or classroom instruction in leading cities.

FREE Big new illustrated catalog from this nationally known school. G. I. Approved. Send a Post Card Today

WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE (Estab. 1936)
15 E. Pershing Road Dept. L Kansas City, Mo.

CAN WE FORETELL THE FUTURE?

Continued from Page 21

with a star symbol, five with a circle, five with squares, five with wavy lines, and five with crosses. At first, tests were made for telepathy only. In some cases tests were made with the agent, or "sender," and subject separated by thousands of miles.

In any tests with these cards the mathematical "chance" score is five correct calls in one run of 25 cards. From the beginning the students at Duke piled up scores significantly higher than chance. Some averaged 8, 9, even 10 correct calls out of each 25 cards over a period of months and years, during which time thousands of tests were taken. It is true that the laws of chance are tricky and it might happen by pure luck that a student would call 10 cards correctly one time. But when the average remained at that level over literally thousands of tests, it became obvious that it was most "unscientific" to attribute the results to chance.

One student, A. J. Linzmayer, called the first nine cards correctly the first test he ever took. The odds against this performance being due to pure luck was more than two million to one. The next day Linzmayer again called the first nine cards correctly! And on the third test did even better. On this occasion he called the first 15 cards correctly and made 21 "hits" out of the entire deck of 25 cards. This time the mathematical odds against this being due to chance were 30 billion to one! Another student, Hubert Pearce, once called the entire deck of 25 cards correctly, and over a period of two years averaged between 8 and 9 hits per run!

■ But even stranger things were to come. If the mind could overcome the barrier of space, what about time? To test for "precognition" (prior knowledge), subjects were asked to call out the cards that the agent would send at some time in the future—the next day or the next week. These tests showed that time was no more a problem than space. It had already been proved that no agent was absolutely necessary in ESP tests. If the cards were shuffled by a mechanical shuffler and placed face down on a table, the subjects could score just as well in attempting to write down the order of the cards when no sender was involved. These "down through" tests, as they were called, established clairvoyance as a scientific fact, as the earlier tests had established telepathy. Now it was decided to combine the down-through method in testing for precognition.

The subject was asked to write down the order that he believed the cards would be in *after* they had been shuffled a specified number of times by a machine.

Thousands of tests for precognition were every bit as convincing as the earlier tests for telepathy had been. Dr. Rhine says that after 4,500 runs "the odds were 400,000 to one that chance alone did not produce the score obtained." After Dr. Rhine's pioneer experiment in scientifically establishing prophecy to be a fact, four other researches were begun at Duke. Today the case for precognition—ability of the mind to foretell the future—is considered proved.

How is it possible for the mind to know events before they happen? So far no one, least of all Dr. Rhine, presumes to know. It is a perplexing problem. We are accustomed to believe that the sequence of events follows cause and effect. Yet we now find that sometimes the effect may actually be in existence "somewhere" before we even experience the cause.

Irene Kuhn, in her book, Assigned to Adventure, relates a strange personal psychic experience which illustrates the problem.

She was walking down Michigan Boulevard in Chicago one December day when "suddenly street and people vanished from my vision." A strange scene unrolled before her eyes, much like a moving-picture screen. What she saw was a strip of grass with an iron grating around it. There were three young trees on one side and in the distance she could see factory smokestacks. A group of people all dressed in black were gathered around the strip of grass. A limousine arrived, and other people, also dressed in black, alighted. Among those arriving in the limousine, Mrs. Kuhn recognized herself. She approached the strip of grass and saw a small two-foot hole cut in the grass. One of the men was placing a small box into this hole. She looked about her and recognized the faces of her husband's relatives. All looked sad and were crying. Then the vision vanished and again the familiar sights of Michigan Boulevard appeared.

The following February Mrs. Kuhn received word that her husband had died in China and that his ashes were being sent to Chicago. "On May 30th I went with my brothers-in-law, in a limousine, to Rosehill Cemetery, which I had never seen. The men got out and waited for me. For a second I could not raise my eyes. At last I looked: there was the spring grass, there the three young trees and the iron fence and the smokestacks in the distance. And there was the little square hole just big enough to take the box with my husband's ashes. On that December day I had seen over the bridge of time to this day which marked the end of a phase of my life."

Did his death exist as an "event" while he was yet alive?

■ One interesting theory that a great many philosophers have used to explain prophecy is told by J. W. Brodie-Innes, a nineteenth-century novelist and thinker: "Every event, past, present, or future, in any point in space, exists now somewhere, in an eternal present, and being existent, it is possible for us in certain states to become conscious of events in what we term the future, that is to say, which we in our passage through time have not yet arrived at. . . ."

Rudyard Kipling, who did not believe in prophecy, once had a dream in which he was attending a formal ceremony. He could not see what was going on because of a fat man's stomach. Just as he walked forward to see around the fat man, another man caught his arm and said, "I want to have a word with you." Six weeks later Kipling was invited to attend a formal gathering which he at once recognized as the same surroundings as his dream. There was even the fat man whose stomach obstructed his view. And, as he stood pondering this, a man caught his arm, and asked, "May I have a word with you?"

Do such cases and the establishment of precognition by laboratory experiments present an argument against the freedom of the will? If everything exists NOW, is man's fate laid out for him in advance?

Dr. Rhine does not think so. In the first place, there is no evidence that *all events* in the future are settled. There appears to be a wide latitude for the exercise of human will.

■ The late Stewart Edward White explained the mystery of time as a river. To a man rowing down the river in a boat, the scenes that he has passed are, to him, in the past. The scenery around the next bend is, to him, the future. The scenery is all there all the time, even before the man gets to it.

We might carry White's analogy one step further and suppose a river with an infinite number of tributaries branching off continually. Then the man in the boat would, at any given moment, face not a single fate that was irrevocable, but a multiplicity of futures all coexisting. But his own will would determine which of these futures became reality to him.

This "multiplicity of futures," all potentially real, may explain why no prophecy has ever been 100-per-cent correct in every detail. You may foresee a certain point in time, just as you might gain knowledge of a certain place in space, but your own "course" will determine whether you "go there."

Dr. Rhine is aware of the fact that his discoveries may be exploited by so-called "fortune tellers" to prove to the gullible that they can foretell future events. But there is little evidence from the parapsychology laboratory at Duke that would serve as credentials for the professional fortune teller. Establishing statistically that precognition is a scientific fact with a deck of cards and the ability to foretell the future at will are two very different things.

One "famous" "psychic" who has written several books on her ability to turn telepathy and precognition on and off at will was an outstanding flop when tested at Duke. When she complained that the strict laboratory conditions "froze her up," she was allowed to name her own conditions. After several tests, failures, and fits of temper, she left in a huff.

Dr. Rhine is more interested in discovering new truths about the nature of man than in fortune-telling.

"Our greatest discovery," he told me, "is an answer to the age-old question, 'Is there anything extraphysical or spiritual in human personality?'

"The experimental answer is 'YES.'" ■■

Continued from Page 30

said, "Thank you," as a man in a gray suit held the door open for her to go out. The man said, "Not at all," and came in. He was Laughing Boy, the ex-M.P. who had stopped me and Silvers at the road block the night before. His footsteps walked along the floor behind us. I put another nickel in the pin-ball machine. Farley had got his cigarettes. He and Candy stood on either side of me, watching the pin-ball machine, half shielding me with their bodies from the cop.

"Hi, Fran," Laughing Boy said. "The old man back yet?"

"Sometimes I think it's deliveries and sometimes I'm not so sure," Mrs. Emmett said, laughing. "I expected him before now."

"Well, I'll drop back, Fran. Tell the old man to stick around when he comes in."

"O.K., Roy."

"Well," Laughing Boy said, "speak of the devil."

Emmett was coming in the door. Looking sidewise, I saw his eyes widen briefly as he took in the situation. Then he grinned.

"Well, Roy! How y'-all been? Caught that kidnaper yet?"

"Working, Hod, working," Laughing Boy said. "Thought I'd drop in and say hello."

"Say, Roy," Mrs. Emmett said brightly, "is it true what the radio said about somebody in a panel truck springing the kidnaper from a house right here in town? And they found the Cadillac and the baby's nightgown."

"You don't say!" Emmett exclaimed. "Imagine that!"

"That's why I called around," Laughing Boy said, a bit nettled at having his approach spoiled. "You see, Hod, this neighbor woman claims it was you driving that panel truck."

"Me? Does she know me?"

"Your picture was in the paper. She says it's the same guy."

"Well, I'd just like to see this woman and have her tell me that to my face," Emmett said.

"Sure. Why don't we take a run down, Hod?"

■ They went out. The panel truck was parked behind the police car. Laughing Boy walked around the truck, kicked a tire; he and Emmett got in the police car and drove off.

Farley took my arm and we went through the rear curtain into a storeroom full of supplies, old advertising, and junk. Candy went out the rear door leading to the garage. I accompanied the other two to the apartment upstairs. It was the first time I'd been upstairs, and I was interested in the pictures on the mantel—the Emmetts on their wedding day; Haley's Comet and its crew; Paul Reed in uniform, one arm forward to show the staff sergeant stripes; Paul Reed in flying togs; Paul Reed on a pony at about the age of eight.

Mrs. Emmett crossed to a door. "All right, honey." She turned with a finger to her lips. "The baby's asleep."

Lila came out. "Cliff!" She rushed to me. "I'm sorry. They picked me up. They recognized Scootie. I had to phone you, because of her."

"I figured that at the time."

"Then why are you here?"

"He didn't have much choice," Farley said.

Mrs. Emmett carried Scootie from the other room. "Poor little sweetie pie, she's just so tired." She handed the sleeping child to Farley. "I wish Hod was here to run things. Did that woman get a good look at him?"

"Yeah. But he went back to make a Christian out of her."

We went downstairs. There came the tinkle of the bell at the store door. Mrs. Emmett went through the curtain. Farley opened the garage door, indicated a 1936 Dodge. "You drive." He got in the back. I drove out the alley and he told me to turn right. I said, "Where are we going?"

"An old pal wants to see you. You remember Paul Reed."

"Yes," I said. "Good old Paul."

■ At the outskirts of town Farley directed me onto a dirt road. We'd gone eighteen miles when the dim road came over a low hill, and below in a small valley I saw the gleam of a plane's wings. I drew up alongside and we got out. Candy was in the cockpit of the plane smoking a cigarette. Farley gave Lila the baby, then held out his hand to me.

"Good luck, Clifford."

I took the hand without thinking. His grip tightened with easy power. I went to my knees. He grinned. "Saying your prayers?" Then he yelled as Lila's sharp heel hit his instep. He released my hand and danced about, holding his foot.

"I'd settle this now," Farley growled, "if Paul wasn't waiting."

I'd never ridden in any but army planes; this flimsy thing looked like a toy to me. It was a tight squeeze, Lila on my lap and Scootie in her arms. Candy started the engine, and without warming it gunned for the take-off.

Lila nudged me, and turned big eyes on him. "You certainly can fly an airplane, mister."

"Oh, I can herd one in a pinch," Candy admitted grandly.

I said, "Lila, this is Candy Sweet."

"Not really! Isn't it amazing! I heard so much about Candy Sweet overseas, and then to meet like this!"

"What did you hear?" he asked eagerly.

"All the girls at the officers' clubs talked about Candy Sweet. I was at the Washington Club. I never got a chance to meet you."

"I knew a few," Candy admitted.

"A successful kidnaping is one of the hardest things in the world," she said. "There's more to it than just grabbing a baby and running."

"You're telling me."

"I expect you did all the planning."

"I had a little help from Paul," Candy admitted expansively. "I mean, the other boys gave some minor suggestions."

"Who actually took the child Sunday night?"

"That was my job. Comet and Farley were along. There was nothing to it. Roberts and his wife didn't know the kid was gone until next morning. By that time they couldn't have found it in a hundred years."

"Where did you take it?"

"We're going there now. Next thing was the ransom money. It was put in a plane and the plane got radio instructions to fly this way and that. That was my work, too; I'm a navigator. And, bingo, it was dropped right on the target! Hiram was waiting with a burro. The money almost hit him on the head."

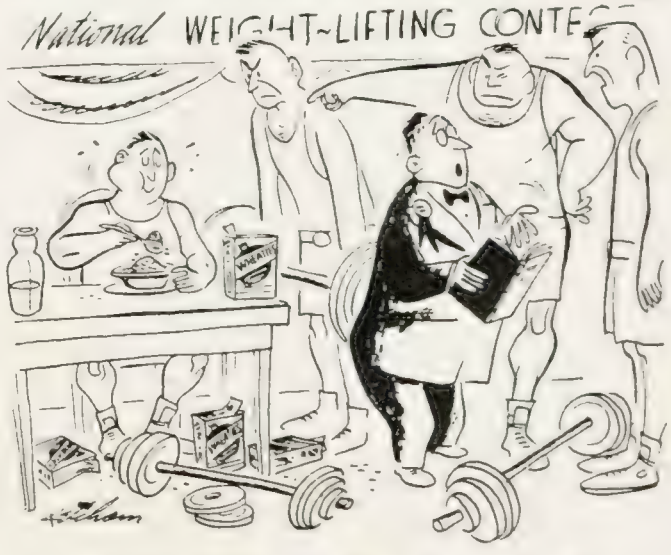
I asked, "Where did you get the crooked roulette wheel?"

"Paul ran a gambling club before the war. He sold the place before he went in the army, and stored the crooked stuff. The Emmetts took care of it for him."

"Where do they come in?"

Candy glanced at me. "Why, Mrs. Emmett is his mother."

ADVERTISEMENT



"Honest, fellows . . . there's nothing in the rules here that says it *is* unfair!"

Plenty of star athletes decide for Wheaties—insist on these whole wheat flakes as a training dish, with milk and fruit. "I want flavor . . . nourishment," says Ralph Branca, ace Dodgers' pitcher. "That spells Wheaties in my language." Had *your* Wheaties today?

"I guessed that this afternoon," Lila said. "I saw the resemblance between her and the picture of Paul on the mantel. Especially the one where he was a little boy."

"Sure," Candy said. "Paul's old man married four times, all told. She was number two."

"We're just innocent bystanders—Cliff and I?" Lila said. "Just someone to hang the job on?"

"In a way," Candy said. "But there's a good reason. Paul will tell you."

"It certainly was smart of you, faking your deaths," Lila said. "How in the world did you ever do that?"

Candy grinned. "Everything's simple when you know how. The four of us went out the bomb bay before the plane left England. It was a cinch plenty of those bombers wouldn't come back. And ours didn't. We did the smart thing."

"You simply went A.W.O.L.," I said.

"Yep." Candy wagged his head fondly. "And we sure had a hell of a time, until the war ended."

"But after that you saw you'd got in a fix you couldn't walk out of."

"It was pretty rugged for awhile—in Europe with the peace on," he admitted. "But we'll come out O.K. That's where you come in."

We flew awhile in silence before Candy banked the plane, watching below. We were flying over mountains. From a canyon a pin point of light appeared, waving back and forth. As Candy brought the plane in, I saw a flat below in the moonlight. There was a small shack; above it, on the hillside, a mine dump. Behind the shack was a pole corral and haystack. A man was standing in the middle of the flat waving a flashlight.

Candy made a good landing. Lila and I got out. The man with the flashlight was Hiram Silvers. I recognized him now despite the full beard. I said, "Hello, Hiram."

"Come over by the cabin, please. He's taking off again."

We got out of the way while Candy took off. Hiram opened the cabin door and motioned us inside.

"Put the baby on the bunk," Hiram said. "And have a seat. There will be a little wait."

"For what?"

"Paul's not ready yet."

■ Hiram squatted on his heels near the stove. Here was a typical desert rat, living in squalor. But it didn't fit what I knew of Hiram Silvers. He'd been the loan shark at the air base, with a nicely calculated rate of interest whose factors included the incidence of casualties and the number of days before payday. Hiram was a man to play percentages; he was a man for sure things.

"Hiram," I said, "what the hell are you doing in this mess?"

He shrugged. "Maybe I'm just a plain damned fool."

I glanced at Lila. Here might be the break we'd been waiting for. Hiram was not cut from the same cloth as his pals. "You were a fool going A.W.O.L."

"When you're in with a bunch, you have to do what the others do," he said. "But if you'd grounded that bomber it all wouldn't have happened. We wouldn't have had to go on that mission. We wouldn't have gone A.W.O.L. out the bomb bay. We wouldn't be here now."

"And that's behind it?"

"Sure. Don't you know?"

"You didn't expect me to take a bribe?"

"If you hadn't sent that bomber out, we wouldn't be here," he said doggedly. "We weren't going to die because Bloody Roberts was bucking for a star. Who got my money?"

"What money?"

"From my loan business. I kept it in my foot locker. If anything happened to me, I wanted dad to have the money. I had close to four thousand pounds."

"I helped ship your foot locker home. But there was no money in it."

"Never mind. I know what happened. The officers always got what they wanted. You put us in the spot we're in. Look at Paul. If he didn't have to play dead, he'd be a millionaire. And he can't touch a dime of it. If we showed up alive, we'd be charged with desertion under fire, and—well, we can't. Don't worry, Clifford. You've got it coming."

"Couldn't Paul's mother help him out—Mrs. Emmett?"

Hiram shook his head. "She can't touch it. She was the second of four wives. The money's in Paul's name, and if he dies without issue it goes to charity, and he's legally dead, because of you and Bloody Roberts."

I said, "Do you expect to hole up here the rest of your life? You've all got to face it sooner or later."

"Face what? For what we've done, we could be shot. We're still in the army. We haven't been discharged. You never know what the army will do to you." He stood up. "Don't think we like it, holed up here. We get on each other's nerves. We're going nuts. And now you're one of us, Clifford. You've got to hide, too. Just like you made us. You're going to find out what it's like."

He picked up his rifle and opened the door. "You can walk around. But don't get any ideas. You don't know the water holes." He went out.

"Well," I said to Lila, "that's it. They're in a hole, so they've got to see us in the same fix."

"Where do I fit?"

"You turned Paul Reed down when he wanted you to run off with him and share his life as an A.W.O.L."

"You mean, simple revenge?"

"Pure, simple, and fragrant."

Lila shook her head. "No, Cliff. This is too elaborate. There's something else behind it. Why don't we have something to eat? I'm starving."

Lila fixed a meal, doing wonders on the tin stove. We'd finished eating, and Hiram and I were doing the dishes, when we heard the plane overhead. Hiram signaled with the light. The plane made a landing and Candy, Farley, and Emmett got out.

"Get the baby," Hiram said. And presently all of us were going up a steep trail beside the mine dump. There was a heavy door at the mouth of the mine. We went through this, along a tunnel, through another door and into a cave.

A mine, yes. A cave, yes. It was the combination of the two that was surprising.

As a hide-out for dead men it was ideal. Hiram, with his beard, his burro, and his prospect hole, was both front and lookout.

■ The gang had put in a lot of work fixing the cave up. It was a single room, roughly fifty feet wide and twice as long, the roof shelving down at the back to meet a black pool. Partitions had been built along the left. There was even a bar, with bottles racked behind. Near the door was a pile of building materials—lumber, cement, plumbing supplies, electrical stuff. This was no temporary lair.

But I wondered, remembering what Hiram had said, how long the men could expect to live in such confinement. Something about the whole business didn't ring true. There was something phony here.

The place was lighted by electric bulbs. From somewhere came the muted throb of a gasoline engine. The open space in the middle of the big room was furnished in modern bent-pipe-and-leather stuff.

We waited by the door, evidently upon the pleasure of the man seated upon a settee. He was wearing a silk dressing gown, house slippers, and pajamas. A drink was at his elbow. He puffed slowly at a cigarette as he read a book.

He was Paul Reed.

"Hello, Paul," Lila said.

New Easy Way to
DECORATE CAKES
JUST LIKE PROFESSIONALS

MAKES FLOWERS, LEAVES, NAMES AND OTHER BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS

Complete set ONLY $1.00
3 BAGS 3 TIPS

SANITARY . . . PLASTIC-LINED

This amazing Cake Decorator will beautify your cakes with flowers, loops, borders, and names. Squeeze the bag—that's all there's to it! You need not limit these fancy tricks to pastries alone. You can decorate your salads and desserts—make dainty cookies—stuff celery with cream cheese—make hors d'oeuvres. Each set contains 3 plastic-lined bags which make it easy to do a cake with many colors. These bags are washable and durable! You also receive 3 tips each shaped differently so you can decorate the cake with various designs. Directions on how to make decorating icing are included in each package.

EXTRA GIFT. As an added gift for prompt action we will include a booklet showing unique decorating designs and ALSO an extra tip which makes beautiful roses with just two circles of icing.

SEND NO MONEY. Merely clip ad and mail today with name and address. On arrival pay postman $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage—or SAVE MONEY by sending cash and we pay postage! Your $1.00 back if not completely satisfied. 3 sets . . . only $2.79. Same guarantee holds.

LONDON SPECIALTIES — Dept. M-395
8505 S. Phillips Ave. Chicago, Ill.

He smiled thinly. "You remember me—this time." Then he frowned, looking at the group at the door. "Where's Roberts?"

"Paul, the cops found out," Emmett said quickly. "They found out he was in Reno. They're watching him. I couldn't bring him."

Paul Reed went into a tantrum. He cursed. He threw things around. The others waited, as if they were used to it. Presently Paul subsided, retrieved his book, and sat down. He took a sip of his drink. "I guess you're wondering why you're here."

The suave pose was absurd after the demonstration of petulant temper. He said, "You're here to learn what it feels like to be hunted. You're going to pay in the only way that can make me enjoy it. Clifford, because of you we're in this fix. And you, Lila —I might never have gone A.W.O.L. except for you. You understand?"

"You're just—just evil," Lila said. "All of you. And what did this innocent baby do to you?"

"Just a whim," Paul said. "You know, the father of that kid could have whims also. Bloody Roberts could send a hundred men to death on whim. Why can't I have whims? Let's have a drink."

"Sure, Paul," Hiram said.

"You two!" Paul barked, pointing at Lila and me. "I said let's have a drink!"

I poured whisky and Lila served. Paul said, "Another bottle and two water tumblers." I brought the tumblers and, at his direction, poured them full. "All right, you two. Drink."

"I don't drink," Lila said.

"No, thanks," I said.

Farley edged toward me, smooth and eager. Paul said, "Will you drink it now or after you're persuaded?"

I took it in gulps. Then my breath was gone, I was on fire inside, tears blinded me, and I was coughing.

"Another round," Paul said when the coughing had subsided. I went to the bar for a bottle, tripped and fell. As I tried to get up, the floor of the cave tilted like a banking plane. And then the cave began to whirl.

■ When I opened my eyes, a couple of thumbs seemed to press behind the eyeballs. I was in bed. A shaded light was burning on a table. Two walls of the room were of stone and two of plaster. I was in blue pajamas. A robe was on a chair by the bed, slippers beside the chair. I got out of bed, put on the robe and slippers.

I opened a door and looked into the big room of the cave, empty now. Another door of the room opened on a hall. Three doors opened from its right-hand wall, and one from the far end. The left wall was stone. Two of the hall doors led to empty bedrooms. The third led to the kitchen, where Lila, bright as a button, was fixing something at a gasoline stove. Scootie was standing on a chair at the table, eating corn flakes. I sniffed the odor of coffee, and said, "Give me some of that."

"Hello, sot," Lila said. "Think you might live?"

"Afraid so. What did you use for a pick-up?"

"Oh," she said, "I didn't drink the stuff. I got rid of mine while they were watching your antics. Bathroom at the end of the hall."

The bathroom was well appointed but showed signs of amateur workmanship. It had running water, a shower, oil-heated tank for hot water. The throbbing sound was loud here, and opening a small door, I saw an electric system built into a recess of the rock. I took a cold shower, shaved, then took a closer look at the electric system. Beyond the machinery the stone pinched to a crack into which the sewer waste and the exhaust line of the gasoline engine disappeared. But the pipes did run through, and where did they go?

■ I went out to breakfast. Lila said, "How do you like your eggs?"

"Straight up. Where is everybody?"

"Scootie's playing outside. Oh, you mean the others? They all left last night."

"Gone? I don't get it."

"Isn't it plain enough, Cliff? They're through with this place. Now it's ours. We're to live the lives of the hunted, as we made them. We've been left here to watch the supplies go down day by day, knowing that every bite we eat brings us that much closer to the inevitable. Eventually we'll have to start across the desert, either to die on the way or win through to prison."

I didn't like to think about that. "Any idea where we are?"

"It must be the Frenchman's mine. There couldn't be two places like it —a prospect hole that runs into a natural cave. People think it must have been old Yancy Reed's secret hide-out."

"Yancy Reed? You mean Paul's grandfather, the road agent?"

"Yes; a posse once chased him into a cave, but couldn't find him. He had some secret room. When the Frenchman broke into this cavern a few years ago, people figured he'd found the secret room. But nobody has yet found the way to get from it to the other part of the cave."

We went out onto the mine dump. Lila pointed down the gulch. "The natural opening of the cave is down there in the cliffs."

"And who is the Frenchman?" I asked. "Where is he?"

"Hiram must be taking his place. He's about the same build, and with the beard— Good heavens, where's Scootie? Scootie! Scootie! Where are you, honey? Cliff, where is she?"

"Stay up here where you can see." I started down the steep trail. The flat footprints of the child's shoes were in the dust.

"Cliff!"

"Yo!"

"She's down by the haystack! . . . Scootie, you naughty child, why didn't you answer mommie?"

"Me hiding," Scootie's voice called triumphantly.

As I came out of the brush onto the flat, Scootie started running toward me, laughing. And then there was the sound of a whip crack overhead. Dust spurted to my left, and there was the report of a rifle.

To be concluded in the next issue.

HEAR in SECRET!
THIS IS ALL ANYONE SEES
Maico
HEAR RINGS
Dress as you please, with ANY hair style; few will notice you wear a hearing aid. Clever new Maico Hear Rings conceal your receiver as a tiny, powerful hearing aid tucks comfortably away. Learn the secret today—mail this ad with your name and address to
344 Maico Bldg.,
Minneapolis 1, Minn.
Maico inc.

SOCIETY LEADER

MISS JOY JONES, moving spirit of the gay younger set, was recently presented with a new Crosley Station Wagon in green and yellow, her favorite colors. The occasion was her nineteenth birthday and the generous giver was her father. At the birthday party in her honor, guests admired the all-steel Crosley, with the revolutionary new Cobra engine, which goes 35 to 50 miles on a gallon of gasoline. The Crosley Station Wagon carries 4 passengers with luggage, just right for Miss Jones' popular golf foursome. For free full-color catalogue, write Crosley Motors, Inc., 2532-VD Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

LAW STUDY AT HOME for Business Success and LARGER PERSONAL EARNINGS. 39 years expert instruction — over 114,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All text material furnished. Easy payment plan. Send for FREE BOOK — "Law and Executive Guidance"—NOW!

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 96-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE

Continued from Page 33

and near weed beds, where there's a maximum of oxygen and food. Big pike will be over the weed beds too, congregated there to feed on the smaller fishes. Other good bets are the mouths of streams, around stumps and logs, and over bars. Black bass will hang out in the same places, for they like this habitat both winter and summer.

For the small species you can use either a cheap hand line or the same attached to a short rod. Don't use your expensive summer tackle, for ice fishing is hard on delicate implements.

For such fish as pike and walleyes the best tackle is the "tip-up." The tip-up, which is inexpensive, is a kind of automatic fisherman. It is made of a stick to which a reel, spring, trigger, and signal flag are attached. Some kinds have the reel above the ice; others are made so you lower them into the hole, under water. This is the better type, for it keeps your wet line from freezing to the reel.

Most states allow you to set several tip-ups. After the lines are baited—with minnows for pike and the larger fish—you simply keep watch for a bite. And you'll know when it comes, for a bite springs the trap and the flag flies up. Don't try to use tip-ups for panfish, however. As a rule they don't bite solidly enough to spring the trap and release the flag.

Bait for winter fishing is no problem. The minnow feeders such as pike, walleyes, calico bass, and perch continue to bite readily on minnows in winter, and these can be bought at bait ranches which are usually located near the heavily ice-fished lakes. For pike and walleyes, minnows of two to five inches and No. 2 hooks, or larger, should be used. For perch and calico bass, minnows about 1½ inches long and a No. 4 or No. 6 hook are best.

All the other fish such as bluegills and sunfish have a curious feeding reaction to cold weather. They stop taking large morsels of food with the first freezes. Thus wood grubs from rotted stumps and logs, corn borers from the stalks of corn in shocks, and bee larvae all make good winter panfish bait, and so do angleworms, if you use but a small segment of worm. However, the tiny grubs which form the galls (round knobby growths) on goldenrod stalks are about the handiest panfish bait you can get. You simply watch for patches of dead goldenrod stalks along the road or in fields. Break off the galls and keep them in a sack in a cold place until you are ready to go fishing. Once on the ice, simply split open a gall with a jackknife and run the fat little white grub onto your hook.

One problem is to keep the fishing hole from clouding over with slush. This is easily licked by carrying a small scoop strainer of the kitchen variety and dipping out the slush every few minutes as it forms.

To make a start at ice fishing there's not another thing you'll need or need to know. ■■

THE ENVELOPE

Continued from Page 15

his pockets. The envelope crackled—

He hurried to the corner. The trees that lined both sides of the street hid the house from his view. After a moment a man strolled up to him.

"Childers?" The man and his voice were shadowed.

"Yes."

"No answer at the house?"

Joe relaxed. "No. I tried the bell several times and banged on the door. No one answered."

From up the street there came the sound of a car starting. The two men spun around. They saw a car pulling away from the curb, headlights out.

The man started running, pulling a revolver out. As the car picked up speed, a second car shot out from around the corner and followed. The man stopped. Joe puffed up to him.

The man put the revolver away, took off his hat, and wiped his brow. "Your friends must have been playing possum in their car to see if you came back alone, but our boys'll have them at headquarters by the time you drive me there."

Joe turned the envelope over to his passenger, who tucked it in his pocket without glancing at it. "They'll want to open this downtown," he explained.

At headquarters Joe sat in a large anteroom and waited, a husky Maryland State trooper near him.

He felt calmer than he had before. He was still a drunken driver who had killed a man. He would have to pay for that, but, to some extent, he was still a man who could be trusted.

It was close to five o'clock when the F.B.I. man returned, smiling. "You did a nice night's work, Mr. Childers. We got them all right."

"That's good," Joe said flatly.

The F.B.I. man sat next to him. "We appreciate what you did, Childers. It took guts. We've had them and that house tagged for a long time. That's why the Maryland boys flashed us when your call came in." He tugged at his ear and ran his hand through his hair. "I wish to hell I could tell you we could square things for you, but that's out of our department. The Maryland police haven't found the body yet, but they want you because of your own story. You see?"

"Sure. What happens now?"

"We want you in the office in a few minutes to make a statement and identify those characters. After that—" He looked at the trooper expressively.

A feeling of total exhaustion bore down on Joe. He had realized that nothing he had done could wipe out the fact that he had killed a man, but hearing it said killed the feeble glimmer of hope that he had clung to. Everything was over for Joe Childers—for Joe and Viola Childers.

A door opened and a man beckoned.

"Let's go," the F.B.I. man said.

■ The room they entered looked like any small business office. Two men were in the room. The one who had summoned them was standing. The other sat behind one of the desks leafing through some typewritten pages. He looked up.

"Is this Mr. Childers, Adams?"

Adams introduced them. The man behind the desk was Reese, agent in charge. The tall thin one was Rogers. Reese rose and shook hands with Joe.

"Nice job, Childers."

"Yeah."

Reese flushed. "Sorry," he said. "I was thinking of what you did for us. Damn shame about the mess you're in. If we can help in any way, you can count on it." He turned to Rogers. "Ask Helen to come in."

The girl came from the adjoining room. She carried a notebook.

Reese said, "Sit down, Mr. Childers, and just tell us what happened tonight from the time you started to drive home."

Joe told the story as briefly as he could—without color or distortion.

When he had finished, Reese questioned him on a few points.

"I'm going to bring those people in for you to identify. O.K.?"

"Go ahead."

Rogers stepped out and returned with the doctor. The squareness of the man's shoulders had changed and he looked older. He glared at Joe but said nothing.

"Have you seen this man before?" Reese prompted.

Joe nodded. "He's the doctor I met at the Sylvan Lane house."

Rogers took him out.

Adams said, "He's no doctor. He's a damn Commie. That envelope, by the way, had microfilm strips of some of our top-secret defense plans."

Rogers returned with the woman before Joe could make any comment.

Joe noticed that her dark ugly face had lost none of its arrogance, but she kept her eyes away from his.

"She was at the house too."

When she had gone, Joe asked, "Is that all?"

Reese said, "Those two are the only ones you saw at the house?"

"That's right."

Nodding to the girl, Reese said, "I guess that's all, Helen." She closed her book and left.

"They haven't done any talking yet," Reese remarked, "but you've given us enough to put them away. We've known about them for more than a year, but we had nothing to hang on them till now. By the way, there was another one in the car with them. He probably came to get them. I guess you didn't see any more than Adams did when you went to the house the second time."

"I didn't see anything." His face felt stiff and his eyes burned. He didn't want to do any more talking or listening.

He heard the door open again and Rogers asking, "How about this one? Do you want him?"

Adams' voice replied, "Never mind."

Joe looked up. He could see Rogers turning away, gripping the arm of a short slight man.

The chair Joe had been sitting in crashed to the floor as he sprang to his feet.

"Wait! Wait!" he shouted. "That's him! That's the man I killed!" ■■

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STRAIGHTENING TEETH

Continued from Page 22

consideration. The orthodontist is particularly interested in the growth of your child's head. A head grows in three dimensions. From birth to seven months comes the first period of rapid jaw growth. From five to 15 years comes the most intensive growth in width, height, and depth. And from 15 to 20 there *still* takes place vertical growth and downward and forward adjustment of the face.

An orthodontist takes a child's growth history plus all this face changing into consideration when he studies too prominent front teeth. He knows that often there is nothing out of the way with such teeth. You see, all second teeth come in adult size. That is where my family dentist stumbled badly. There was nothing untoward with either the position or looks of my front teeth. They only appeared overbig because my head had not grown up to them.

As for my lower teeth receding and becoming crooked again, orthodontists admit the art of retention does not approach so nearly an exact science as that of regulating. The value of treatment is judged not by having placed the teeth in beautiful alignment, but in whether those same teeth will stay put without artificial aid. Here again the orthodontist knows it is the right timing plus the growth of the jaw that counts. If the face continues to grow after appliances are removed, it is not unreasonable to expect the teeth to move too.

■ If you are only having your child's teeth straightened for standards of beauty, the orthodontist advises waiting until that child is at least 19 years of age. It is precisely then that the mouth becomes fairly well set and the orthodontist can decide whether the patient actually needs this treatment.

Straightening teeth for medical purposes is another story. The medical term for crooked teeth is malocclusion—bad contact. The wrong bite causes a "trauma" or sudden injury which creates chronic pyorrhea.

There is nothing that so annoys a conscientious orthodontist as the doting mother who wants her daughter's four upper front teeth straightened, but is not interested in the back ones, when it is the back ones that need attention because they are producing the wrong bite.

I finally learned that the ridges that formed on my front teeth could have been avoided. An orthodontist, before starting treatment, X-rays the hands of his patients, concentrating on the bones, trying to discover their calcium content, their general strength, so he can determine how much pressure the tooth bone can take!

Our family dentist committed the additional sin of sending the plaster-of-Paris casts of my mouth to a laboratory for their diagnosis, instead of making his own. He made yet

Are You Christmas Shopping on a "RESTRICTED BUDGET?"

If you are faced with the problem of remembering many friends but have only a limited amount of money, why not solve your problem by giving gift subscriptions for LIBERTY? It's easy and it's inexpensive, too!

Why wear yourself out fighting your way through crowded stores when you can do your shopping quickly, easily and economically at home?

A one-year gift subscription for LIBERTY costs only a dollar and each issue is a regular reminder of the donor. A Christmas Gift announcement card will be sent to each person you designate.

Banish your Christmas shopping worries by filling out this order form and mailing it now!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC., DEP'T X
37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Enclosed is $..... for the following Christmas Gift subscriptions. Please send announcement card to each.

1. NAME..... CITY.....
   ADDRESS..... ZONE..... STATE.....
2. NAME..... CITY.....
   ADDRESS..... ZONE..... STATE.....
3. NAME..... CITY.....
   ADDRESS..... ZONE..... STATE.....
4. NAME..... CITY.....
   ADDRESS..... ZONE..... STATE.....
5. NAME..... CITY.....
   ADDRESS..... ZONE..... STATE.....

DONOR'S NAME..... CITY.....
ADDRESS..... ZONE..... STATE.....

Rates to Central and South America, $1.25; other foreign countries, $1.50. Subscriptions for Canada are not accepted.

another mistake: the appliances should have been progressively changed. Besides, without proper adjustment and regular cleaning unlimited harm will be done.

Orthodontists are frequently asked whether malocclusion cases are hereditary. Some of the severe ones are, cases such as cleft palate and harelip. Many of the lesser malocclusions can be prevented. And *you can prevent them!*

If you are a pregnant woman, watch your diet! There is an especial need for calcium, phosphorus, vitamins C and D in relation to dentofacial development.

Breast-fed babies are less apt to develop crooked teeth. Breast feeding strengthens their jaw muscles. Children who chew on one side of their mouths become malocclusion victims. And many a crooked tooth owes its tilt to what is called "pillowing." This is a sleeping habit in which the child lies, pressing his cheek against his fist, pillow, or other object. Bad breathing can cause malocclusion; a child sleeping with his mouth half open (due to enlarged tonsils or adenoids), its tongue wedged between its front teeth, pushes those teeth crooked. Sucking, biting, and folding of the tongue can cause malocclusion. Fingernail biting, the vicious pacifier, and keeping a child on the nursing bottle too long are other causes.

But the number one cause is thumb sucking. One out of every six cases of malocclusion may be partially and sometimes wholly attributed to that habit. If your child's baby teeth are crooked, due to thumb sucking, and you successfully break the habit so that the normal lip function resumes, then that malocclusion may correct itself. If normal function does not exist, then malocclusion, in all probability, will continue to the second teeth.

But how to cure thumb sucking? For the older child who sucks his thumb when going to sleep, an efficient method consists in placing boxing gloves on his hands. To break an infant of thumb sucking, the simplest device is a cardboard tube (the kind in which calendars are mailed). Slip the tube over the baby's elbows and secure it to his clothing. Thus the infant is prevented from bending his elbow.

These are the ways, then, that you yourself can forestall malocclusion, by proper diet, by preventing harmful mouth habits.

Unfortunately there will always be jaw deformities. In the past such deformities often led to lifelong unhappiness. Now, with orthodontics, there is a new world for the extreme cases. If you can't afford treatment, you can apply for state aid.

As for the ordinary cases—your own children, for example—don't rush to put braces on their teeth because their classmates are wearing them! Your family dentist can advise you. If he has had orthodontia training, let him treat your children. If he has not had such training, ask him to recommend a man who has had it. ■■

WHAT AMERICAN REDS WILL DO IF WAR COMES

Continued from Page 17

proletariat, overthrow capitalism, and establish the proletarian dictatorship.

In sabotage, the obvious fields are industry, transportation, and communications. But there are others more important: the Army, Navy, and Air Force. Moscow's orders to the faithful abroad in the event of war are to bring about the defeat of their own country, to disintegrate their own army from within, and to turn the weapons against the bourgeoisie (you and me). The handbook (whose full title is The Struggle Against Imperialist War and the Tasks of the Communists) gives a list of demands for soldiers to make, including the right to form unions and the abolition of the compulsory salute.

These orders may sound fantastic when directed against the United States, but remember that two men holding reserve commissions in the Air Force refused only a few weeks ago to tell the Committee on Un-American Activities whether they were members of the Communist Party, on the ground that the answer might incriminate them. A third who refused to answer had been a civilian adviser to an Air Force general.

After Germany attacked Russia, many Communists made good military records and now hold reserve commissions. Intelligence officers still don't know who they all are. If the Army's policy is not changed, other Communists will be drafted without detection.

Sympathizers in the armed forces, as well as those engaged in atomic work, hold ideal positions for espionage. Testimony recently showed the existence of three espionage groups in Washington, and identified a number of unattached individuals who were more than willing to turn over information to the Communists. I have no doubt that other rings exist which have not yet been uncovered.

Lieutenant General Leslie R. Groves testified not long ago that Soviet agents were busy trying to find out about the atomic bomb even before he took charge of Manhattan District. A month after he assumed control they were active indeed.

Equally dangerous is Communist influence in important labor unions which could strangle our war production and keep munitions from the front. A recent effort by non-Communist members to oust the pro-Communist leadership of a large electrical union failed completely. This union could tie up production of many delicate electronic instruments needed for modern weapons. For years Communist leadership has been entrenched not only in defense-plant unions but in longshoremen's, seamen's, transport and communications unions that could halt virtually all of America's shipping and cut its cable ties to Europe. A Communist-dominated union of government workers claims 15,000 members in the Panama Canal Zone.

■ Communists know that a successful uprising has to be based on general discontent, and I am convinced that only in case of the actual dropping of an atomic bomb or of an invasion would they try armed uprising.

Many leading American Communists are graduates of the Lenin School in Moscow, which teaches the art of insurrection. The alumni here have been estimated at 800. They were taught to seize or disable communications, capture or kill the authorities, seize public buildings and arsenals, attack the police or soldiers, and take powerhouses and railroad stations. They learned guerrilla and street fighting, how to incite mobs, wreck trains, and spread diseases.

The time to beat the Communists is before the first gun goes off. What we should do now is smash their party "apparatus."

The first step is for our government to clean its own house. For one thing, officers in the armed services and federal employees who refuse to answer questions about their Communist affiliations should summarily be fired. The loyalty program should be intensified and carried out with firmness as well as fairness. The Army should begin to screen its draftees.

The Communist Party and all its members should be prosecuted in the courts under all the many laws they have broken. If prosecution of the 12 known leaders indicted under the Smith Act for advocating overthrow of the government by force and violence is successful, it should be extended to hundreds of others. Prosecution should also be pressed under the McCormack and Voorhis acts requiring registration of agents of foreign principals and governments.

By vigorous action under these laws, and under stronger ones that may be adopted by Congress, we can disorganize the closely knit cadre that has been recruited and trained in the last 25 years. If war comes without a showdown, the F.B.I. will have to arrest 25,000 or more dangerous Communists on Presidential warrants, and isolate them like the Pacific Coast Japanese in World War II. But the party is so organized that removing even 40,000 or 50,000 of its known members would not completely cripple it. Sterilizing Communist power today would be much cheaper in time, men, and money.

There's a lot that citizens can do for themselves. The rank and file of labor organizations with Communist leadership should follow the example of their more alert fellow unionists who have already cleaned house. And every American ought to give some study to the movement and learn to recognize a Communist before he can do any harm.

Hitler told us in Mein Kampf what he intended to do to the world, but we did not listen. The Communists have told us in various ways—specifically in the handbook with the long title. "In the process of a proletarian world revolution," it says, "wars between proletarian and bourgeois states, wars for the emancipation of the world from capitalism, will *necessarily* and *inevitably* arise." This time we must not let the warnings pass. ■■

BEARING GIFTS

Continued from Page 25

Mammy was as stern as the Zion preacher. "It ain't for you to question the good Lord's color scheme. He knows what's best. Some white folks needs our pity. They're uppity 'cause they ain't got nothin' to keep 'em walkin' humbly before the Lord. Like as not we'd be worse'n they are if the Lord hadn't put a black brake on us." Mammy knew her Bible. Co-Co was sure nobody knew it any better.

Now, as he sat in the third-grade room and listened to Teacher talking about Christmas, he remembered Mammy's tales of the Christ child.

"We will have the manger scene and the shepherds and the Wise Men," Teacher said.

"Diane ought to be the mother Mary," said a boy they called Jack. He had light-brown hair and blue eyes and a pointed nose. He looked across the room toward Diane. She had gold-colored curls and velvety blue eyes and pink-and-white skin. She was lovely as a doll in a toyshop is lovely, and Co-Co felt warm surges of delight at watching her from a safe distance. But he didn't like the Jack person and decided to keep a good distance from him, too.

Diane raised her hand before she spoke, showing she had proper raising, as Mammy would say. "I've a big doll that could be the baby Jesus," she said. "She's a beautiful doll."

Before he knew what he was saying, Co-Co was speaking out. This was important. "You cain't have a little girl doll for the baby Jesus! I betcha God would laugh plumb out loud if He saw it!"

A stunned silence—then the third grade burst into laughter. Co-Co looked quickly toward Silky to see if she were shamed at what he had said. She looked like she wanted to melt away as a chocolate bar in the sun.

■ After school he walked quietly home beside Silky, with a protective Sarah stalking on the other side. Neither of them could forget that they had almost lost Silky that time she had pneumonia—dainty, fragile Silky, yearning for so much beyond the reach of her slender fingers.

When the children got home from this first day in the new school, Mammy was bringing in a great armful of clean clothes belonging to one of the families on the hill. Baby Dan was asleep in his orange-crate crib. That crib was a prideful thing. The twins had painted it white and pasted baby faces, cut from old magazines, at the head and foot.

"How was school?" Mammy asked, laying the clothes in a basket on the kitchen table.

"Keen!" cried Co-Co. "Teacher's purty, but she's got a long-waisted bosom." He made curving signs with his hands to show what he meant.

"She's all right," Silky answered, bending over the crib so Mammy wouldn't look too far into her eyes.

"Co-Co," Mammy turned to the boy, "yo' been struttin' yo' stuff so's to make yo' sisters 'shamed?"

"Not a-purpose, Mammy, honest." He looked straight at her. "The thing is"—he frowned, trying to think just how it was—"I don't ever know what's goin' to make 'em 'shamed and what's not goin' to."

"It's high time you found out, son," Mammy said. "Here it is near Christmas and we all better begin gittin' ourselves ready for the Spirit to be glad to visit us."

After supper the family gathered about the kitchen table in the center of which sat the shining lamp with the pink geraniums painted on its fat sides. The children had homework to do and Mammy never got done her mending. But tonight she brought out a big pasteboard box and said with twinkles in her eyes, "I got a surprise. Miz Rankin sent this box of clothes down, stuff she's done with. She thqught I could make some of 'em over for you-all."

"Let's see!" Homework shoved aside, Silky and Sarah knelt on their chairs and leaned eagerly forward to peer into the box.

"Oh," cried Sarah, holding up a red wool skirt, "that's nice! Is there enough to make us jumpers?" Difficult as it often was, Mammy dressed the twins alike.

Mammy stretched out the skirt and eyed it carefully for worn spots. "I wouldn't be surprised but I could get two jumpers outa that skirt, maybe trimmed with this," she held up a bolt of white braid almost like new.

"Oh, here is something ele-*gant!*" Sarah was rummaging. She pulled out a white and shining something. Co-Co hadn't been too interested until now—you couldn't make boy clothes out of old women's things. But this was different. It was a beautiful cape, white with silver spangles all around the edges. Mammy took it from Sarah and held it up so they all could see.

"This, child'n," she said with the air of one who knows, "is an evenin' wrap, an opry cape like. When ladies dress up to go to fine parties at night, they wears things like this instead of daytime coats." She stroked the soft white cloth with a lingering touch.

Co-Co suddenly jumped off his chair with such force the little kitchen shook. "Lemme try it on, Mammy, please, lemme!" His eyes were big with excitement.

"Course you can, honey." Mammy laid the lovely thing about his shoulders. "There—he looks like a king." It came down to his feet and flared out in satisfying folds around the hem.

Co-Co strutted up and down the kitchen floor, watching intently the sparkles changing and twinkling at every step. The girls laughed at the funny sight.

Mammy said nothing, wondering, perhaps, what had got into her boy. It was as if this bright garment fed his soul like a piece of bread would his hungry stomach. She was very gentle, taking the cape from around the proudly squared shoulders. She folded it back into the box.

Little Dan whimpered in his sleep

LITTLE LULU

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why Kleenex* is America's favorite tissue. You pull *just one* double tissue at a time—up pops another!

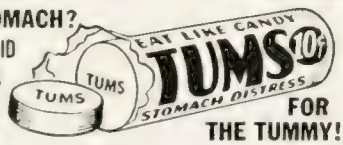
© International Cellucotton Products Co. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMON SENSE..
proved thousands upon thousands of times!
ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

NATURE'S REMEDY (NR) TABLETS —A purely vegetable laxative to relieve constipation without the usual griping, sickening, perturbing sensations, and does not cause a rash. Try NR—you will see the difference. Uncoated or candy coated—their action is dependable, thorough, yet gentle as millions of NR's have proved. Get a 25c box and use as directed.

Nature's Remedy
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FUSSY STOMACH?
RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION, GAS AND HEARTBURN



FOR THE TUMMY!

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a FREE trial of the FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE, a preparation for temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter where you live or whether you have faith in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO. 491-C FRONTIER BLDG.
462 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO 1, N. Y.

LOOK
for Rupture Help

Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion appliance. This marvelous invention for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and Proof of Results. Ready for you NOW!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 188-C State St., Marshall, Mich.

How Retired Couple Found Low-Cost Way To Go South For Winter

Write for the free booklet that tells how thousands of retired couples add years to their lives by going to the fabulous land of the sun every winter. Valuable booklet completely describes new, better way of living South at amazing low cost—all necessary information included. Thousands avoid colds, snow, ice, furnace tending—have glorious fun in the sun at no more cost than staying home. You, too, can do it. Write Prairie Schooner, Dept. L-12, Elkhart, Indiana, today.

and Mammy went over to the corner to fix him for the night. The kitchen was warm, so the girls got out their bottle of oil—Co-Co liked the smell of it—and began doing their hair as the beauty-parlor lady at Sleepy Corners had taught them to do. Co-Co watched every night with never-ending curiosity. He hadn't reached the stage where he wanted to take the kink out of his hair—it was much more convenient as it was. Nobody but Mammy could tell whether it were combed or not. If it were straight he'd have to brush it down every little while.

The next day at school Miss Holmes announced, "We must have a good chorus to sing carols for our Christmas entertainment."

Co-Co's heart gave a happy flippity-flop. He looked across the aisle and tried to wink at Silky. Winking was something he longed to do, but both eyes insisted on shutting when he tried it. Silky smiled shyly back at him—so did Sarah. They knew they could sing. Often they sat around the kitchen stove on Sunday nights before it was dark enough for the lamp but too dark to see close work, and sang the old songs Mammy had learned when she was a little girl.

■ Sure enough, Teacher was pleased with their voices and said all three must be in the chorus. This was such good news that Silky surprised them by saying politely, "Mammy is going to make Sarah and me new red jumpers in time for the entertainment."

"That will be nice," Teacher replied with a smile, "but don't worry about what to wear. The chorus, you see, will stand at the back of the room and sing while the tableaus are going on up in front."

Co-Co watched something fade right out of Silky's eyes and suddenly he was angry. People had got to stop hurting Silky.

"I want to be up in front," he told Miss Holmes.

Teacher smiled again and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Those who sang did not come to the manger, Co-Co, remember? The shepherds and the Wise Men were the ones who came."

They stayed late to practice that afternoon. Diane, the lovely blue-eyed, pink-and-white little girl, was chosen to be Mary, of course. That was all right—but she had brought her doll, a *girl* doll to be the Christ child!

Irene, a freckle-faced girl with braids, said she had a baby brother at home that maybe her mother would lend them to be the manger babe.

"We can practice with Diane's doll and see later about what we'll use that night," Teacher said gently. "Get into your places, children. The rehearsal is about to begin."

Everything went smoothly until Miss Holmes said, "Now it is time for the Wise Men. They will come down the middle aisle, singing We Three Kings." She picked out Jack and a boy named Jimmy—and Co-Co waited without breathing, hoping—oh, how he hoped she would choose him for the third king! But she called on a boy the kids called Skimp.

They practiced the song:

> We three kings of Orient are;
> Bearing gifts, we traverse afar.

Co-Co sank back on the bench behind him, trying to act as if he didn't care. But—it wasn't fair! Why, at home he had the very thing a king should wear! And Silky would feel proud and could hold her head high in the bright red jumper dress if she saw him marching down the aisle, singing, one of the kings. But Teacher was saying something else.

"We all are to bring gifts," she said; "whatever you wish, and later they will be sent to poor children whose parents can't give them anything. But you three kings will bring your gifts in something bright and shining, something that looks as if it might be gold or something precious."

■ Our little brass kettle at home, thought Co-Co, the one that was Granny's, would be the very thing. Bitterness smoldered in his heart. He sat there looking at his scuffed shoes, not wanting to see Silky's face. The bitterness didn't go away, even when Teacher spoke again in her soft voice.

"Nothing but the best we can give, children, is good enough to bring to the manger child," she said, "and we must remember that when we give to those in need, we are giving, really and truly, to the Christ child."

Co-Co wished he could forget that. He wasn't feeling like remembering things like that. Suddenly he made up his mind to talk to Teacher. He waited until the three kings had gone through their part, then he walked up close to her desk and said in his best Sunday voice, the kind he used when he spoke to the Zion preacher, "Teacher, I can be one of the kings." His voice sank still lower and he swallowed hard, "I've got a king's suit at home."

Teacher's face turned a little pink, but she smiled and laid a hand on his shoulder. "That's good of you, dear, but we really need you in the chorus and I think the other boys can manage very well."

When he turned away he was dismayed to see that both Diane and Jack had been close enough to hear what he said to Teacher. Outside, on the school grounds, Jack threw his cap in the air and shouted to anyone who might hear, "Hi, what do you know? Co-Co wanted to be one of the kings!"

And Diane, the beautiful one, was giggling and saying to Irene, "Whoever heard of a little black boy being one of the Wise Men?"

In that moment something dreadful happened to Co-Co. The lovely being to whom he had looked with near-adoration had taunted him, had laughed at him. And Silky and Sarah, close beside him, had heard her do it. All the admiration stored up for the child with blue eyes and yellow hair turned to hate.

"I *hate* her," he said to the twins as they turned down the lonely path toward home and Mammy. "I purely hate her!"

Hate is a hard word. It tasted hard when you said it, dropping like a heavy rock into your feelings and breaking into little bits something that had been soft and beautiful.

Mammy listened quietly to what the children told her. Co-Co ended by saying with hurting anger, "I'm going to get even with that ole pink-and-white girl! I just gotta get even!"

Mammy's voice rolled out gently: "No, son. Po' little white chile ain't got nothin' to make her walk humbly, remember." She picked up the baby and sat down to rock him in the squeaky armchair. "Hate is a powerful heavy lump you fixin' to carry round in yo' chest. It'll wear you plumb out before you know it." She turned to Sarah. "Hurry, honey, turn that sausage in the skillet. We got pork sausage for supper."

Baby Dan went to sleep in a shake of a sheep's tail and Mammy laid him in the orange-crate crib. Co-Co bent over him, picking up one tiny hand and watched the fingers curl tightly about one of his. Mostly he felt good inside and peaceful-like when he watched this little brother, but tonight even the grasp of the baby hand didn't heal the hurt and resentment in his heart. He turned away, frowning in deep, unhappy thought.

After supper Mammy brought out the red jumpers for the girls to try on. They were most done and looked wonderfully all right.

"We won't be where the folks will see us much," Silky said. "We'll be in the back with the chorus."

Mammy was silent a long moment, then she said with determined cheerfulness, "That's just like as not where you belong. You've gotta dress up for the Holy Child effen nobody but God sees you."

All of a sudden Co-Co spoke calmly to his family: "I am going to be one of the kings—one of the Wise Men."

"Why, Mammy, he's makin' that up!" cried Sarah. "He ain't either goin' to be a king!"

"I am, Mammy, cross my heart!" He eyed her solemnly, going through the childish ritual. Now he *had* to make it true.

Mammy didn't argue the point. She just made a statement: "The nights are gettin' cold, honey, and I think I better take that old spangly opry cape and make a warm comforter for Danny's crib."

Something like terror widened Co-Co's eyes. "*Don't*, Mammy, don't cut it up, *please*, Mammy!"

"What's come over you, sonny?" Mammy's voice was like a kind arm about him, holding him close to her. "Get to bed, son. Tomorrow'll be overtakin' us before we're ready." His eyes held hers and she added, "I reckon I won't cut up the cape for a while yet."

Somebody must have told Teacher how Diane and Jack had laughed at Co-Co's wanting to be one of the kings, because the next day she told the class that the Wise Men were probably very dark-skinned people on account of where they lived, and that the color of your skin didn't matter as long as your heart was the right color.

"At Christmastime," she said, "we want to keep our hearts full of good will. Good will," she repeated the *two words slowly—"good will to all* mankind—that's the biggest thing there is."

But Co-Co's hate stayed alive and heavy in his chest, especially every time he saw that girl doll of Diane's in the manger. Everybody seemed

---

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of LIBERTY MAGAZINE, published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Franklin S. Forsberg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of LIBERTY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Franklin S. Forsberg, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Harold Brown, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Business Manager, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Hamilton & Co., c/o Manufacturers Trust Co., 55 Broad St., New York, N. Y.; Lake & Co., c/o Manufacturers Trust Co., Personal Trust Dept., 55 Broad St., New York, N. Y.; Moore & Schley, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Floyd B. Odlum, 33 Pine St., New York, N. Y.; Roynas & Co., c/o Royal Bank of Canada, Nassau, Bahamas, B.W.I.; Mrs. Rita Allen, 4530 Fieldston Rd., New York 63, N. Y.; Frank W. Bicek, 1004 West Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Atlas Corporation, 33 Pine St., New York, N. Y.; Josephthal & Co., 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; National Magazines, Inc., 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 4, Ill.; Karl Edwin Seyfarth, 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 4, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

FRANKLIN S. FORSBERG.
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1948.

(Seal) Eleanor McNulty.

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

New Easy Way SEWS ZIPPERS APPLIQUES MONOGRAMS

on your sewing machine

MAGIC FOOT

ATTACHES RICK-RACK...PUTS ON BRAID...QUILTS, TOO

SPECIAL OFFER Regular $2.00 Value BOTH FOR ONLY $1.00 PLUS 4 COMPLETE ALPHABET DESIGNS

ZIPPER FOOT SEWS ZIPPERS CLOSER THAN EVER BEFORE

This amazing new *MAGIC FOOT* quickly sews yarn, soutache braid, or rick-rack into NEAT, EVEN designs. Unlike any other embroidery guide on the market. It's now easy to applique designs, initial towels, make bath mats, rugs, quilts . . . even a chenille bedspread. No practice necessary. Fits your sewing machine.

FREE . . . A packet of beautifully designed Alphabet Patterns (4 sizes) for your linens Free whether you keep Magic Foot or not.

The "hard-to-get" Improved ZIPPER FOOT sews zippers close and firmly to the edge. Can also be used to sew on cording, bias binding and trimming on upholstery covers. Write TODAY!

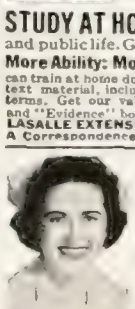
SEND NO MONEY. *Test Both Attachments At Our Risk!* Just send your name and address. On arrival deposit only $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage for both MAGIC FOOT and ZIPPER FOOT with postman on guarantee if you are not delighted with both you may return and your $1.00 back. Save Money. If you send cash with order we pay postage. Same guarantee applies. Write NOW. **Be sure to mention** Make of Your Machine and state whether Pressure Foot Screw is at **side, top, or back.**

London Specialties, Dept. M-39-S, 8505 Phillips, Chicago 17, Ill.

LAW . . .

STUDY AT HOME Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. **More Ability: More Prestige: More Money** We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. We furnish all text material, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send NOW.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, 417 South Dearborn Street
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 1231-L Chicago 5, Ill.



ITCH! Checked in a JIFFY

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other *itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated* **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

Make Gorgeous SHELL Floral Brooch and Matching Earrings Easy at home

Quick and easy you can transform SHELLS brought to you from the SOUTH SEAS into the exciting, flattering floral brooch and matching earrings that are now the rage with fashionable women everywhere. It's easy—fun—quick—profitable! Although you might pay over $7.50 for the finished set, our complete home kit (with dainty yellow and white shells) and easy directions is *yours* for the unbelievably low price of **ONLY 89c.** (Only tool needed is tweezers and cement—35c extra.)

Only 89c

Make BIG MONEY! Profits 400% to 800%

Other Designs: Bachelor Button 65c, Pink Water Lily 70c, All three Kits, plus tweezers and cement ONLY $2.49

SEND NO MONEY. Just mail name and address on a penny postcard. On arrival pay postman 89c, plus C.O.D. postage. Save money! Send cash; we pay postage. Your money back if not delighted.

HOUSE OF HOBBIES, Dept. 39-S, Box 790, Evanston, Ill.

AMAZING HEALTH FACTS ABOUT

HORMONES

Learn the truth about male and female hormones. Learn what they can do for you! National magazine articles hail Methyl Testosterone (the true male hormone) as one of the vital sparks that supplies the drive and energy necessary for success. Today male hormones are bringing new hope to men who are worrying over loss of initiative, uncertainty, nervousness, and other conditions commonly associated with middle age.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

FULL 30 DAY SUPPLY OF MALE HORMONE TABLETS

All you have to do to take advantage of this special introductory offer is to fill out the coupon below and mail it together with $5.00 in cash, check money order and we will send by return mail your full one month supply of Genuine Methyl Testosterone (the TRUE MALE HORMONE), COD'S acceptable, you pay postman $5 plus postage. Orders shipped in plain wrapper.

ONLY $5.00 POSTPAID

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Hudson Products Co. Dept. L-1
341 Harding St., Long Beach 5, Calif.
I enclose $5.00
in cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐
Send COD and I will pay postman ☐
Please send full 30 day supply of genuine Methyl Testosterone tablets.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LAW FREE BOOK

THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Your FREE copy of "The Law-Trained Man" shows how to gain prestige and greater earnings through Blackstone home law study. All instruction material furnished including 18-volume Law Library written by 65 well-known law authorities. Lawyers, judges among our graduates. LL.B. degree. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write today.

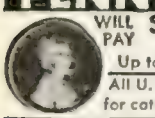
BLACKSTONE COLLEGE OF LAW
225 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 19, Chicago 1, Ill
A Correspondence Institution Founded in 1890

OWN a Business

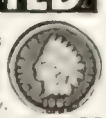
Clean and Mothproof rugs and upholstery "in the home". Patented equipment. No shop needed. Duraclean Dealer's gross profits up to $20 a day on EACH service man. These Nationally Advertised services create repeat customers. Easy to learn. Quickly established. Easy terms. Send today for FREE Booklet—Full details

DURACLEAN CO., 66-D CT., DEERFIELD, ILLINOIS

PENNIES WANTED

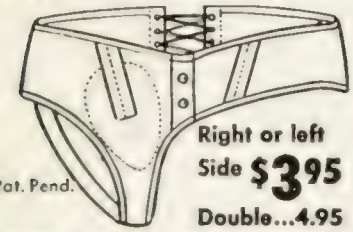


WILL PAY $10.00 for certain Lincoln Pennies
Up to $50.00 for Indian Pennies
All U. S. coins wanted. Send 10¢ for catalogue listing prices we pay.



FRANKLIN COIN CO. MISHAWAKA 59, IND.

RUPTURE-EASER



Pat. Pend.

Right or left Side $3.95
Double...4.95

A strong, form fitting, washable support. Back lacing adjustable. Snaps up in front. Adjustable leg strap. Soft, flat groin pad. No steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort. Also used as after operation support. For men or women. Mail orders give measure around the lowest part of the abdomen. Specify right or left side or double.

PIPER BRACE CO.
308 East 12th, Dept. L-12, Kansas City 6, Mo.

satisfied that it would be the baby Jesus on the night of the program.

As the days hurried by and rehearsals grew to be a daily part of school, Co-Co learned the song of the three kings as well as those the chorus sang. He planned a way to get even with Diane and be a king too. He had never felt so determined about anything in his life. Silky was going to be proud of the Peters family—he'd just show 'em!

The day before the entertainment, the three children had scarcely got home from school when, to their amazement, Miss Holmes drove up to their house in her automobile. She gave them her schoolroom smile and said, "I want to talk to your mother. Do you mind scampering outside for a little while?"

Co-Co felt guilty because he had persisted in singing under his breath every time the Wise Men sang their song. Teacher had threatened to tell his mother, and now he reckoned she'd come to do it.

The children huddled in the woodshed until they heard the car going down the street. Then they bolted into the kitchen, shouting, "What did she want, Mammy?"

Mammy fairly strutted as she set the table. "She come to invite me to the entertainment."

"Well, of course," Sarah said severely. "All the mamas and papas are coming."

Mammy showed her white teeth in a wide grin. "They ain't a-ridin' to the school with the teacher," she beamed. "Miss Holmes says she'll come by for me on account of I ain't got no place to leave the baby and no buggy to push him there in. You-all can ride too, she says."

"Oh-oh!" Silky caught her breath, pressing her slender brown fingers against her throat. "Why, sure 'nough! Why, Mammy, Teacher must *like* us!"

"Course she do, chile! Anybody do when you make yo'selves likable," Mammy answered sharply.

■ Co-Co insisted that he wanted to walk to school on the entertainment night. "With you-all in Teacher's car it'll be too crowded anyway," he said. "I can walk, cain't I, Mammy?"

"I reckon so," she told him. "You can cut across the hollow and run down Main Street."

Nobody knew that he had already hidden the precious white-and-silver cape in the woodshed along with the little brass kettle that had been Granny's. Mammy never used the kettle to cook with. She kept it shined up and put away in the pine box under her bed where she kept her treasures. In the kettle now was a double handful of plain old dirt he had scooped up out of the back yard, part ashes, part sand and gravel. *That* was going to be his gift—no, not to the Christ child—but to stuck-up Diane's doll in the manger. He'd just show her—she'd be the only one close enough to see what he did. Right before her very blue eyes he would pour that dirt over her white girl doll!

He reached the schoolhouse early and hid his cape and kettle in the broom closet next to the cloakroom.

He scurried back and, from the se-

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

RUPTURED?

Get Relief This Proven Way

Why try to worry along with trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad holds at real opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip whether at work or play. Light. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing FREE book, "Advice To Ruptured," and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also endorsements from grateful users in your neighborhood. Write:

Cluthe Sons, Dept. 41, Bloomfield, New Jersey

TOOTHACHE?

Quick relief with Dent's. Use Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops for cavity toothaches. Use Dent's Dental Poultice for pain or soreness in gums or teeth. At all drug stores.

"Since 1888"

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS DENTAL POULTICE

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 11-N, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Aristo-mats THE IDEAL PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

For a brighter Christmas and a brighter kitchen, give Aristo-Mats and you give the finest all-purpose stove and utility mats. On Sale at Better Stores Everywhere.

PHOENIX TABLE MAT COMPANY, Chicago 7

FRAME-UP
Fantastic conclusion
to a fantastic serial
by
Samuel W. Taylor
in January LIBERTY

clusion of the cloakroom door, watched the people coming in. There came Diane with her mother and father. They looked proud enough to bust—the old uppity white smarties. Right behind them came Mammy, her sweet face beaming with as much pride as Diane's folks had shown. In her arms she carried a mountain of wraps, seemed like.

Course she had to wrap up baby Dan, but she didn't need to smother him, he thought. And he remembered with a guilty stab that if it hadn't been for him, little Dan would have a beautiful warm white comforter.

The smell of evergreens, the twinkling of lights and—now the chorus singing—and here he was in his place beside Silky and Sarah, singing too—all together were hammering Mammy's favorite words into his head so hard he had to pay it some mind—"Fore things, they ain't got nothin' to keep 'em walkin' humbly before the Lord."

All of a sudden he knew that he could not pour that dirt on Diane's doll. But if he didn't, he wouldn't have any gift at all to give. He had insisted that the twins take the four apples Mammy had polished for them. "I kin give my knife," he had said, but he hadn't even brought it.

There sat Diane in a beautiful long blue robe, her yellow hair shining, She looked down at the crib for all the world like Mammy looked into the orange-crate crib at home. Co-Co swallowed hard past something sticking in his throat.

There went the shepherds. The chorus sang another song. Now—*now* it was time for the Wise Men. He slipped away from Silky's too-late grasping hand and dashed noiselessly for the broom closet out in the hall. As the three Wise Men started down the middle aisle, a fourth little black king, clothed in a long and flowing garment of soft white edged with silver spangles, strode regally behind them, swinging a gleaming kettle in one hand. His voice soared in song:

"We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar."

If the audience were astonished at our kings where there should have been but three, they didn't let on as the procession made its way to the manger. The first three kings deposited their gifts at Mary's feet, received her smiles, and stood back with proudly folded arms. It was Co-Co's turn now and he hadn't a gift to give. He stepped up to the manger and then—he almost dropped the brass kettle! He could hardly believe it—in the Christ child's bed was his own baby brother, Dan! A little brown baby for the manger King!

Something warm and light and sweet rose high in his chest. He set the kettle down, took off his royal cape and very gently tucked it in and around the sleeping child. He glanced at Diane and saw tears in the blue eyes, but she was smiling. When the kings marched back down the aisle, Co-Co saw Silky's eyes shining at him. Mammy was wiping something from her cheek, but if it was a tear, he knew it was for gladness. ■■

PROVEN TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

ARTHRITIS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA ALSO RESPOND

A specialized treatment for Rheumatism and associated diseases is described in a booklet written and distributed by the Ball Clinic of Excelsior Springs, Mo. This book, "Rheumatism" is free and available to all who write for it. For many, it has pointed out the way to relief, and its very interesting contents point out why drugs and medicines fail to give more than just temporary relief.

You incur no obligation in asking for the book and it may be the very means of leading you to freedom from the tortures of these diseases.

FREE!

Write today for your copy. No cost and No obligation.

BALL CLINIC

Dept. 25 Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Get Well **QUICKER**

From Your Cough Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

LEARN HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

Amazing self-study lessons...in simple, easy to understand language. How to select a subject—how to hypnotize by telephone—**how to make money** from hypnotism—mental telepathy—stage hypnotism—self-hypnosis: how modern hypnotism is used to conquer inferiority complex, fear, battle fatigue, timidity, etc. Clear, **helpful pictures** show operating positions, movements. Money-back guarantee. Only $1.95, postpaid—or COD, plus postage. Write today!

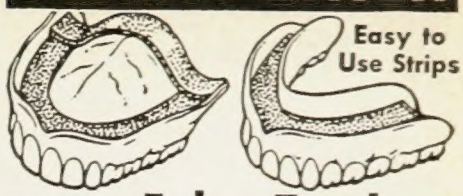
Nelson-Hall Co., 1139 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. M-64, Chicago 5, Ill

Men, Women! Old at 40, 50, 60! Want Pep?

Want to Feel Years Younger?

Do you blame exhausted, worn-out feeling on age? Thousands *amazed* at what a little pepping up with Ostrex has done. Contains tonic many need at 40, 50, 60, for body old just because low in iron; also supplementary doses Vitamin B_1, calcium. New "get acquainted" size *only* 50c. Try Ostrex Tonic Tablets for pep, younger feeling, this very day. For sale at all drug stores everywhere.

PLASTI-LINER



Makes False Teeth Fit

For the Life of Your Plates

If your plates are loose and slip or hurt, use this amazing, pliable, non-porous strip to refit them yourself, for instant and permanent comfort. It's easy. Just lay the strip on your upper plate or lower plate, **then bite and it molds perfectly.** Hardens for **lasting fit and comfort.** Helps stop the embarrassment of slipping, rocking plates or the misery of sore gums. Eat anything and talk freely without fear your teeth will loosen. Ends forever the mess and bother of temporary applications that last only a few hours or months.

Easy to Re-Fit and Tighten False Teeth

PLASTI-LINER is tasteless and odorless. Won't injure your plate. **Guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back.** Removable as per directions. Users say: "Until I used Plasti-Liner I used several kinds of liners without success. **Now I can eat anything."** H. M. "My plates are now **better fitting than new."** E. H. C.

SEND NO MONEY: Just order a $2.25 package of PLASTI-LINER to reline both upper and lower plates, or $1.25 to reline one plate. Deposit money with your postman when he delivers. **Or send the money now, and save C.O.D. charges.** Generous sample of special plate cleaner supplied free.

PLASTI-LINER CO., Dept. 89-C, Buffalo 15, N.Y.

Write Stories that SELL

Do you long to be a **Writer?** Do you yearn to see **YOUR** stories **in print?** You can learn **the technique** of story writing **AT HOME!** Hoosier Institute has trained many successful AUTHORS, taught them **how** to *write stories that sell* and **where** to sell them. **Established 32 years.** Endorsed by **Jack London.**

FREE BOOKLET **"THE ART OF STORY WRITING"** with explanation of our **personal criticism** and **manuscript sales service.** No obligation. Write! HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Dept. 159, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill.

ASTHMA

WRITE FOR 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

IF YOU SUFFER FROM BRONCHIAL ASTHMA PAROXYSMS, from coughs, gasping, wheezing—write quick for daring **10-DAY TRIAL OFFER.** No matter if you consider your case hopeless, write today!

NACOR, 1603-C State-Life Bldg., Indianapolis 4, Ind.

FREE BOOKLET — For Those Who Suffer From

TOOTH DECAY!

TELLS WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

Learn the amazing story of Deaf Smith County, Texas, where tooth decay is practically unknown. The booklet, "The Trail Began in Texas," will be sent you absolutely free. Just write your name and address on a penny postcard and mail to: L. M. & W. Company, Box 309-J, Marshall, Mich.

IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR SUFFERERS OF

PSORIASIS

IS IT A SKIN DISEASE OR INTERNAL?

Many famous medical men have reached a decision that dreaded Psoriasis is due to certain internal conditions and therefore should be treated internally. For the past five years a number of Physicians have reported amazingly satisfactory results in Psoriasis with LIPAN—a new medical marvel taken *internally.*

LIPAN, a combination of glandular substances, attacks what is believed to be the *internal* cause of Psoriasis. Even stubborn lesions are alleviated to a degree almost beyond belief. LIPAN is absolutely harmless for both old and young. Physician inquiries heartily welcomed. Don't suffer—ask your druggist for LIPAN or:

Write direct for free booklet. Or send for month's supply of LIPAN (180 tablets), enclosing check or money order for $8.50.

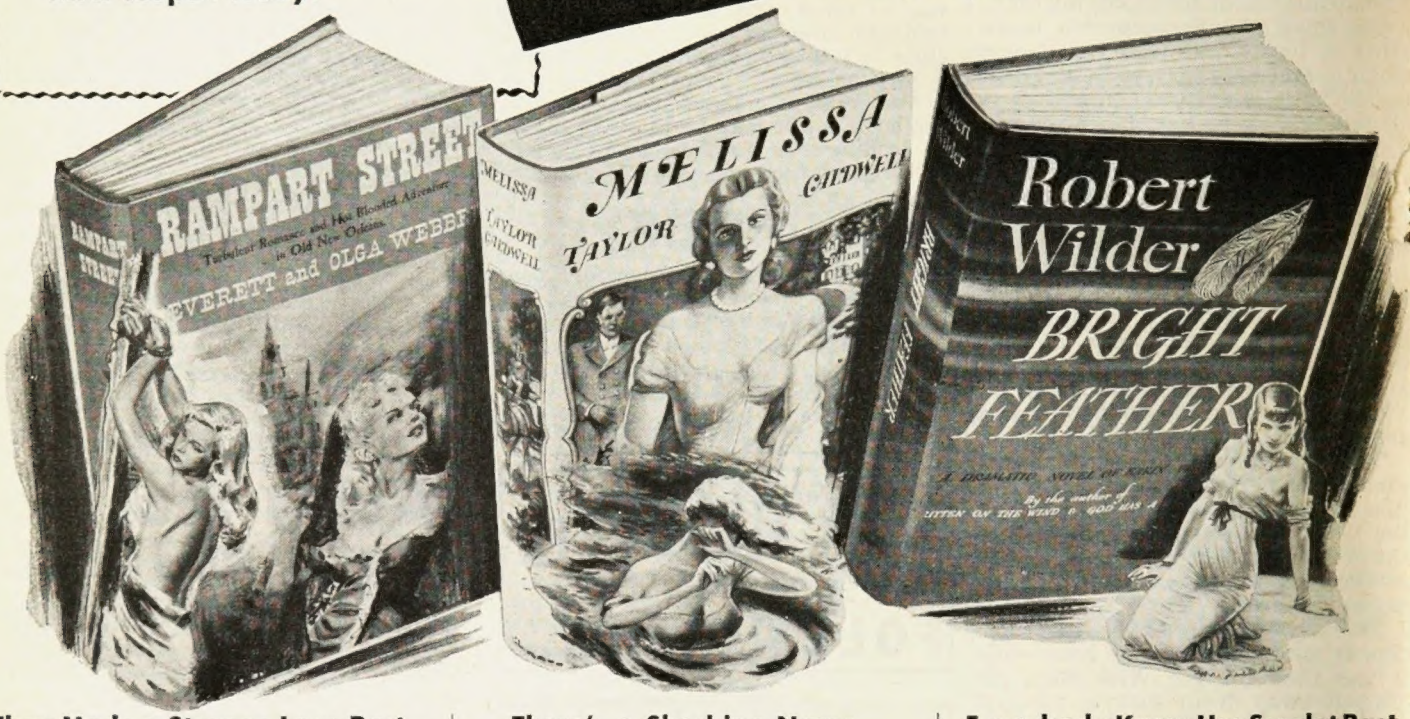
SPIRT & COMPANY, Dept. L-12
Waterbury, Conn.

Amazing Offer
ACT AT ONCE!

These 3 best-sellers are selling right now for $9 at retail in the publishers' editions! But you get 2 FREE and the 3rd for only $1.39 to introduce you to the Fiction Book Club. Don't delay! Mail coupon today!

2 FREE

2 FREE with your first Club selection at $1.39



They Made a Strange Love Pact—These Two New Orleans Beauties

. . . to save the life of a devil-may-care Yankee, the man they *both* want! Why does lovely Raphaelle d'Arendel sell herself into the most infamous establishment on Rampart Street to protect her lover—only to see him marry her most hated rival? And why does the notorious Simone de Tourneau, who holds all the aces in this tense game of hearts, plot her "devil's bargain" to get handsome young Captain Carrick? Discover the answers in the terrific new best-seller, "Rampart Street"—yours, together with "Melissa" and "Bright Feather"—all 3 for $1.39!

There's a Shocking Name for a Woman Like Melissa!

She sold herself in marriage to the one man she hated most in the world—then refused for two years to honor her bargain as a woman—and wife! Only that great writer, Taylor Caldwell, author of the million-copy success, "This Side of Innocence," could write this haunting story of strange, tortured Melissa and her even stranger marriage. How Melissa is reborn—through a love greater than the great evil that almost wrecks her life—makes an unforgettable novel. And it's yours, together with "Rampart Street" and "Bright Feather"—all 3 for $1.39.

Everybody Knew Her Scarlet Past . . . Except the Man She Married!

But nobody knew why she left him . . . gave up his wealth and power to run away with his best friend, Jamie Beulow! Meet beautiful Claire Lechane, who can't resist the strange, wild longings that possess her...who betrays young Clay Hammond, her husband, knowing it means destruction for her, and death for her lover! Meet her soon—in "Bright Feather"—a turbulent tale of Florida during the 1830's—the Club's current selection! "Lusty, gusty romantic . . ." says N. Y. Herald Tribune. And it's yours, together with "Melissa" and "Rampart Street"—all 3 for $1.39.

Send No Money! Mail Coupon! L-12

Yes, you get "MELISSA" and "RAMPART STREET" FREE with "BRIGHT FEATHER"—The Club's current selection for only $1.39!

The Fiction Book Club (Dept. 415) 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of The Fiction Book Club, which entitles me to receive your best-selling selections at only $1.39 (plus shipping). It is understood that I do not have to accept every book offered—I may accept or reject selections as I please. I simply agree to accept six books within the next twelve months. Since this amazing offer may be withdrawn at any time—rush my FREE copies of "Melissa" and "Rampart Street" and begin Club services with that best-seller, "Bright Feather."

NAME_____
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____
Zone No. (if any)

OCCUPATION_____ AGE (if under 21)_____
(Slightly higher in Canada. 136 Merton St. Toronto)

Free Membership in The Fiction Book Club gives you all these money-saving advantages

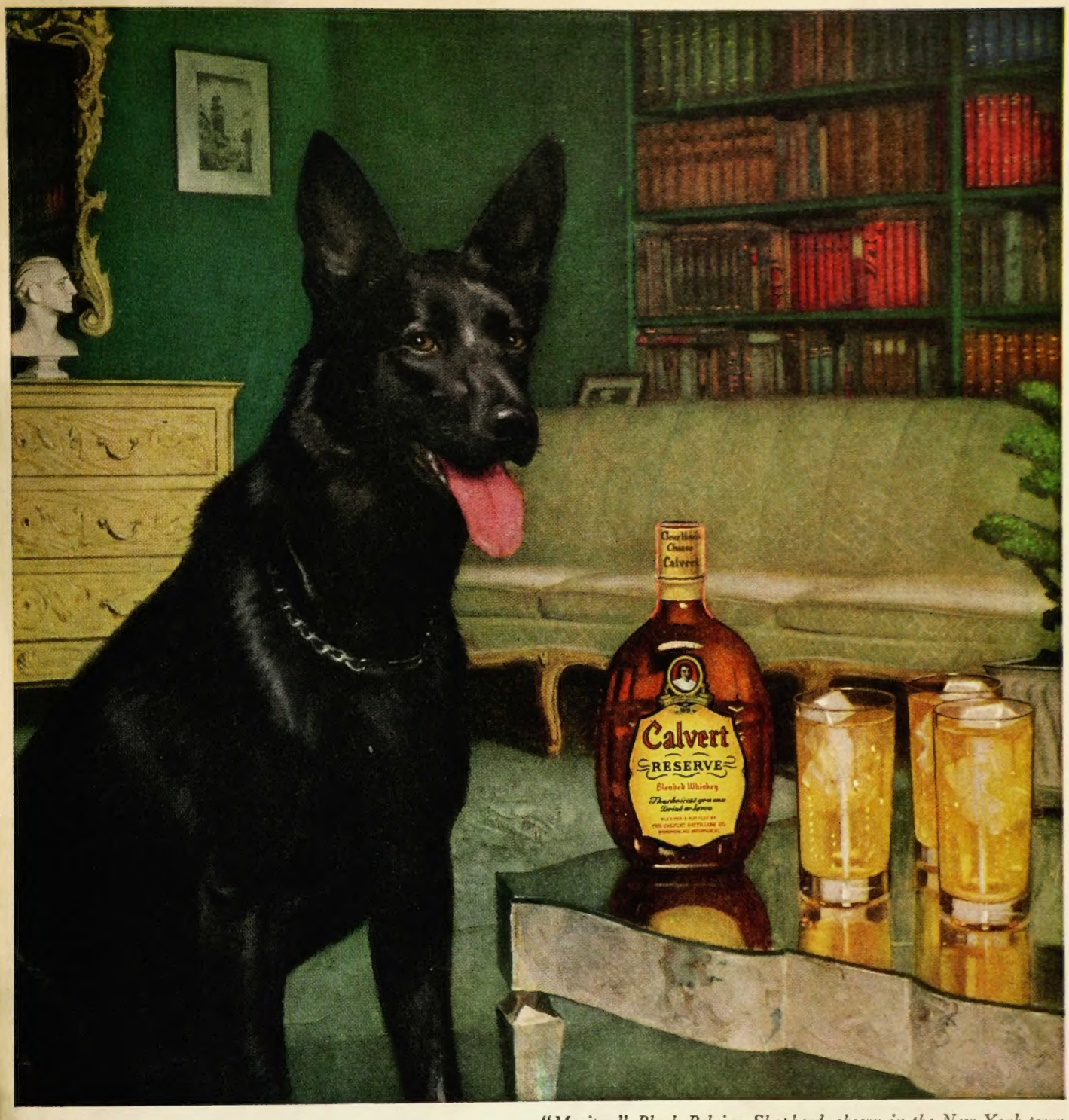
1. You save up to $1.61 on every book! And you get the two new best-sellers described above FREE as an introductory gift.

2. You get outstanding new books! Fiction Book Club selections are outstanding best-sellers . . . books by leading authors . . . brand-new, full-size, beautiful books.

3. You pay no special dues or fees! You simply agree to accept any six of the twelve outstanding novels offered in a year. You do not have to accept each month's selection—just those you decide you want after you have read a detailed descriptio mailed to you well in advance.

4. You'll find plan simple, easy! you don't want any monthly sele tion, simply notify us not to se it. Otherwise, simply do nothin and it will be mailed to you. each monthly selection YOU cide you want, you pay just $ plus a few cents postage.

SO ACT NOW! Get "Melissa" "Rampart Street" FREE w "Bright Feather," your first C selection, for only $1.39. Mail c on now to The Fiction Book Cl 100 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. 13, N.



"Moritza," Black Belgian Shepherd, shown in the New York town house of her famous owner, star of stage and screen, Basil Rathbone.

"Another Basil Rathbone hit...he's switched to Calvert!"

Everywhere folks are taking the cue
and switching to Calvert Reserve—because
they've found they prefer Calvert's lighter,
smoother, mellower taste. Credit *that* to
Calvert's greater blending experience!
Try Calvert Reserve tonight, yourself.
We predict you'll switch, too!

Clear Heads Switch To

Calvert Reserve

BECAUSE IT'S SMOOTHER, MELLOWER...TASTES BETTER

Choice Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

You couldn't give a more welcome Christmas gift if you paid fifteen dollars.

You give the smoothest, tidiest, clearest writing ever known when you give this *luxury styled* Rollit. Made to fine jeweler's precision standards, each Rollit model looks, feels, handles like the top quality pen it is. That's why millions who own far costlier pens, proudly do all their writing with Rollit. Three distinguished models in anodized gold, silver or chrome with satin-plastic barrels in harmonizing deep color or pastel shades —all boxed for Christmas. At better pen counters. Diversey Machine Works, Inc., Chicago 7. In Canada, Rollit, Ltd., Brockville, Ontario.

ROLLIT

the pen you're proud to own or give